

HIGHROADS OF LITERATURE

FOURTH
BOOK



ROYAL
SCHOOL
SERIES

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS LTD

957



No. 259

SEYMOUR SCHOOL

(2)



The First Performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 1599.

(From the picture by Edgar Bundy, R.I. By permission of the artist.)

THE ROYAL SCHOOL SERIES

Highroads of Literature

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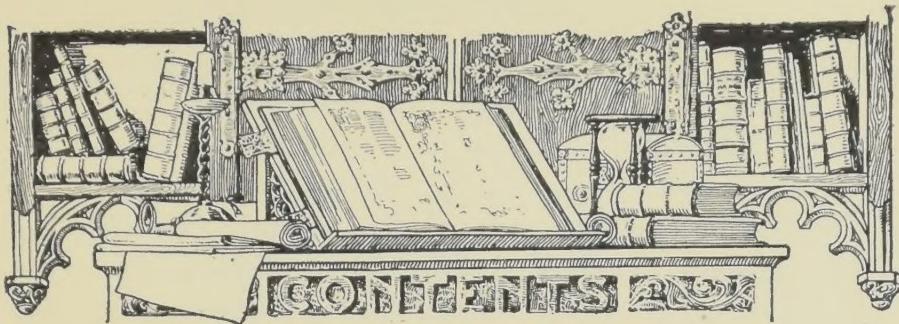


Book IV.—“Captains and Kings”

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BOOK IV.

I. STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

1. In the very heart of England stands the old borough of Stratford-on-Avon. It is a clean, pleasant country town, set in the midst of gently swelling uplands, tall woods, green hedgerows, rich pastures, and fertile fields. Nowhere in the whole country can we find more delightful rural scenery.

2. The broad streets of this old town slope gently to a fair and placid river, which meanders westward through many a league of willow-fringed meadow, past scores of old-world villages and sleepy market towns, to join the broad stream of the Severn. The town itself has no industries save brewing and brick-making, yet every year more than 43,000 persons from every civilized country on earth visit it.

3. Why do they come? Not to rejoice in the beauty of the Warwickshire lanes, not to revel in the wealth of wild flowers which spangle every meadow, not to float midst the swans and the water lilies on the bosom of the Avon, but to pay homage

to the memory of a man who has endowed the world with some of the most glorious poetry ever written. Stratford is Shakespeare's town—the town in which he was born and bred, and in which he breathed his last.

4. Stratford lives on the memory of this wonderful man, who was not only the greatest poet England has ever known, but one of the three greatest poets of the whole world.

5. Let us visit Stratford. We take the train at the great, bustling, metal-working city of Birmingham, and when we have passed through the suburbs and left the "wilderness of bricks and mortar" behind, we run out into the green open country, and soon find ourselves pausing at the station of Henley-in-Arden.

6. We cannot fail to be struck with the richly-wooded character of the landscape, and we are not surprised to learn that we are in the midst of what was a great forest in the days of Shakespeare. How often as a boy did he roam in this forest, and people its green glades and dim recesses with fairy folk and romantic scenes! He knew and loved every bird, beast, and flower in the whole countryside.

7. Now we reach Stratford. A few hundred yards from the station we find ourselves in an open space in which the cattle markets were held in Shake-

peare's time. In the middle of this space stands a fine modern fountain, the grateful gift of an American citizen to the town of Shakespeare. Across the road to our left we see these words at the corner of a street: "*To Shakespeare's House.*" We make our way thither at once.

8. We turn into Henley Street, and on the left hand—that is, on the north side of the street—we see the house in which Shakespeare was born and in which he lived for eighteen years.



9. The house has been much restored, but it still gives us a good idea of a sixteenth-century dwelling. When John Shakespeare, the poet's father, bought the place it consisted of two houses and a garden. He united the houses, lived in the left-hand portion, and used the rest for carrying on his business as a dealer in corn, wool, malt, meat, skins, and leather.

2. SHAKESPEARE'S HOMES AND HAUNTS.

1. Stand under the "pent-house" and ring the bell. The door opens, and you step on to the broken

floor of the living room, with its great open fireplace and blackened beams. Behind this room is the

kitchen, from which a narrow staircase ascends to the birth-room. Here it is said that Shakespeare first saw the light on April 23 in the year 1564.

2. It is a humble room, but there is no chamber in the whole wide land more worthy of our reverence. The greatest and best of English men and women for the last hundred and fifty years have honoured themselves by visiting the poet's birth-place. You see their signatures covering the walls and the ceiling. The little diamond panes of the window that looks out on Henley Street are scratched with the names of some of our great writers.

3. The remainder of the building is now a museum and library, filled with Shakespearean relics, portraits, and early editions of his works. In the fireplace of a room on the ground floor there is an ancient oak desk from the Free Grammar School, which Shakespeare attended. Perhaps he may have written his schoolboy exercises at this very desk. Who knows?

4. Elsewhere you may see his gold signet-ring





Shakespeare at the Age of Twelve.

(An imaginary portrait: from the picture by James Sant, P.A., Longman & Co., Master Printers, London, 1861.)

with the initials W. S., a chair in which he was wont to sit, and his sword. Within glass cases are certain copies of his plays as published in his lifetime. Before we leave the birthplace we must visit the little garden behind the house. It is beautifully kept, and in it grow the flowers and the trees which Shakespeare loved and described so faithfully in his works.

5. We now make our way to Shakespeare's school. It stands in Church Street, above the Guild Hall and adjoining the old Guild Chapel. You climb a stair at the rear of the building, and your guide opens a little panel in the wall. Look in. You are gazing on the very room in which Shakespeare received his education. The Grammar School boys of to-day are learning their lessons under the heavy oak beams beneath which Shakespeare sat. They still cherish his memory, and perform one or other of his plays every year.

6. We have now visited the birthplace and the school of Shakespeare. Let us cross the fields to Shottery, and see the picturesque old farmhouse in which Shakespeare wooed and won his wife, Anne Hathaway. The house remains a perfect picture of a country homestead as it was four hundred years ago. The gable faces the road, and in front of the house is a garden filled with old-world flowers.

Within the house we see some of the furniture and the four-post beds of the period. In the living room by the side of the great fireplace is the settle on which it is said that Shakespeare and Anne frequently sat together.



7. Now we return to the town. Hard by the Guild Chapel is a beautiful garden in which you may roam at will. As you enter, you see the monogram W. S. worked into the iron railings and the gilded spear which formed part of the poet's coat-of-arms.

8. To this spot came Shakespeare in the days when he was rich and famous, and here, in New Place, "the best house of the town," he spent the latter years of his life. The house has long since been pulled down, but you may still see its foundations. Better still, you may sit beneath the very trees which



Shakespeare planted, and walk on the green sward which he trod in the days of his retirement.

9. Let us go



The Shakespeare Bust.

(In the Parish Church, Stratford-on-Avon.)

down to the river-side. Here we see a large building, consisting of a theatre, a library, a picture gallery, and a centre tower. By the side of this building is a fine statue to the poet, and round about it are pleasant gardens. This Memorial was erected in 1877 by Shakespeare lovers all over the world. During April and August in each year Shakespeare's plays are performed in his own town and by the side of the beautiful river which he loved.

10. Not far away is the Church of the Holy Trinity, ringed round by majestic yew trees and approached by an avenue of grand old elms. All around it, and on the very verge of the Avon, spreads God's acre with its gray tombstones. Within the chancel, on the wall to the left, is an effigy of the poet with a cushion before him and a pen in his hand. The eyes are a light hazel, the hair and beard are auburn, and the doublet is scarlet.

11. The grave itself lies a few feet from the wall, and is marked by a slab on which are carved the following lines :—

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE:
BLESE BE Y MAN Y SPARES THES STONES,
AND CURST BE HE Y MOVES MY BONES.

3. SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS.

I. WINTER.

[The song is taken from *Love's Labour's Lost*—Shakespeare's first comedy.]

1. When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,*
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who !
Tu-whit, to-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel† the pot.

2. When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,‡
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs§ hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who ;
Tu-whit, to-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

* The nails on his hand.

† Stir.

‡ Sermon.

§ Crab-apples.

II. MORNING SONG.

[From Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*.]

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus* 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced† flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds‡ begin
 To ope their golden eyes :
With everything that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise :
 Arise, arise.

* The sun-god, who was supposed to drive his flaming horses and chariot across the sky every day.

† Shaped like the cup from which wine is drunk at the Lord's Supper.

‡ Marigolds.

4. AT SCHOOL WITH SHAKESPEARE.

1. The shadow on the dial lies midway between five and six on a sunny July morning in the year of grace 1575. A square-built active lad of eleven, brown-eyed, chestnut-haired, and rosy-cheeked, with satchel in hand, is about to step into Henley Street from the house of his father, Master John Shakespeare.

2. The lad is good to look upon. His hazel eyes are deep and ever changing, one moment twinkling gaily with fun, the next sad and serious. His forehead is white and high, fitted for great thoughts,

and his mouth is sweet as a girl's. It is a face that you will turn again to observe as you pass him by.

3. As he stands beneath the porch, lithe and trim in doublet and hose, pressing his flat cap on his curls, his face is somewhat clouded, for he finds school a dreary place, and his master's hand very heavy. How sweet, he thinks, to play the truant to-day, to wander by the riverside where the willows droop to the water and the pigeons coo in the branches; where the feathery reeds sway in the summer breeze, and the swans glide by like stately ships!

4. How delicious it would be, he thinks, to roam in Charlecote's tall woods, where the squirrels are leaping from bough to bough, and the antlered deer stand watchful in the shade! A vision flits across his mind of a mirror-like pool on the Avon where the fat trout lie waiting to be caught! Wood and field and stream attract him like a magnet.

5. But, better still, how glorious it would be to set off on a twelve mile walk to Kenilworth, where the great Earl of Leicester is even now entertaining Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth with princely pleasures. The boy sighs, and recalls with flashing eyes the wondrous scenes which he gazed upon only a week ago, when his father took him to the castle to see the revels.

6. Oh, how wonderful they were! How well

he remembers the drums and the trumpets, the giants, the dwarfs, the heathen gods, and the



SCENES FAMILIAR TO SHAKESPEARE.

ancient heroes ! It was a glimpse of fairyland itself ! But best of all he remembers the play.

It was by no means the first play that he had seen. Four years ago, when his father was chief alderman of Stratford, London players came to the town. He was but seven when his father took him to the Guildhall to see them perform.

7. Though he was then little more than a baby, he has never forgotten that play. He recalls the organ-like tones of the deep-voiced men, and the clear treble of the boys who played the parts of gentle maidens and high-born dames. He remembers that he hung upon every word ; his eyes were glued to the stage. It was all real to him, as real as the life of the street which he now looks upon. Some day, he thinks to himself, he too will fashion such stirring scenes for the delight of thousands. Yes, this dreamy boy, “creeping like snail unwillingly to school,” will one day become the greatest play-writer that the world has ever seen.

8. But there is no time now for day dreaming. The hour of six draws nigh, and the school door is open. So, dismissing his wandering thoughts, he turns the corner of Henley Street and passes into High Street. Here he meets his schoolfellows, and the quiet thoroughfare rings with their boyish greetings and rough horse-play. On they troop, a mischievous throng, to the Grammar School hard by the Guild Chapel.

9. The lads race up the outer staircase into the schoolroom, with its black oaken beams, its wainscoted walls, and small high windows. The satchels are opened on the rough desks, and the boys begin to prepare their lessons. They are scarcely completed before a knocking on the door is heard, and stern Master Roche, clad in a rusty black gown, advances to his desk.

10. Master Roche begins by hearing the exercises, and it is not long before the sounds of weeping are heard. The schoolmaster firmly believes with Solomon, that he who spares the rod spoils the child. So school is a woeful place, and young Will Shakespeare's mind does not turn gladly to his book. He is dreaming of the plays which he has seen in the Guild Hall down below, when he ought to be learning his Latin from Lilly's grammar, and working problems in "arethmetike." He will probably feel the master's rod before the day is over.

11. The morning drags on until nine sounds from the tower of the Guild Chapel, and the boys clatter down the steps for the breakfast half-hour. Then school begins again, and continues until half-past eleven, when the boys disperse until one. Morning school has thus lasted a full five hours.

12. Arriving home for dinner, Will salutes his

elders with reverence, says grace, and wishes “much good may your dinner do you.” Then he waits on his parents, and after they have finished he is free to take his wooden platter and begin his own meal.

13. Back he goes to school at one, and lessons proceed until three, when half an hour’s play is allowed. The boys spend the time in wrestling, scourge—that is, whip top—playing hand-ball and leaping. Once more they return to their books, and continue their studies until half-past five, when the day’s work concludes with a reading from the Bible, the singing of two staves of a psalm, and evening prayer.

14. ’Tis a long business this schooling—nearly ten hours of study, and nothing in all the livelong day to touch the lad’s heart and stir his fancy. But out of doors on the Thursday half-holiday things are quite different. Then, the happiest boy in all the world, he roams in the forest or amidst the fields, where

“ Daisies pied * and violets blue
 And lady smocks † all silver-white,
 And cuckoo buds ‡ of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight.”

* Spotted with different colours.

† The cuckoo flower, a common and pretty meadow plant, sometimes called bitter-cress.

‡ Either cowslips or buttercups.

Shakespeare before Sir Thomas Lucy.

(From *The Painter's Progress* in the Shakespeare Memorial Library, Stratford-upon-Avon.)



5. SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS.

[The following songs are from *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. They are sung by Puck and the fairies.]

I.

Over hill, over dale,
 Thorough * bush, thorough brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,
 I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere ; †
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs ‡ upon the green.
 The cowslips tall her pensioners § be :
 In their gold coats spots you see ;
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours : ||
 I must go seek some dewdrops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob ¶ of spirits ; I'll be gone :
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

* Through.

† The moon in its course.

‡ Rings of greener grass in the meadows; the fairies are said to dance round these rings.

§ Those who live on her bounty.

|| Scents.

¶ Clown or jester.

(1,769)

II.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus.

Philomel,* with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby ; †
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :
 Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh ;
 So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here ;
 Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence !
 Beetles black, approach not near ;
 Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, etc.

* A princess of ancient Greece who was changed into a nightingale.

† Slumber-song.

6. FAREWELL TO STRATFORD.

1. Shakespeare's school days came to a sudden end when he was thirteen years of age. His father would gladly have given him a few more years of schooling; but, alas! he fell on evil days.

2. His business went from bad to worse, and he was forced to raise money on the lands and house which his wife had brought him as her marriage dower. So poor was he in 1578 that he could not afford to pay a town tax of fourpence a week for the relief of the poor.

3. So William had to leave school and begin to earn his own living. We do not know how he employed himself. An old writer tells us that he helped his father in the butchering part of his business, and that when he killed a calf he would "do it in a high style and make a speech." Some say that he became a teacher; others, that he was a lawyer's clerk. No one really knows.

4. We next hear of him when he was eighteen years of age, and a married man. You already know that his wife was named Ann Hathaway, and that she was the daughter of a farmer at Shottery. Ann was eight years older than her husband, and there is reason to believe that the marriage was not a happy one.

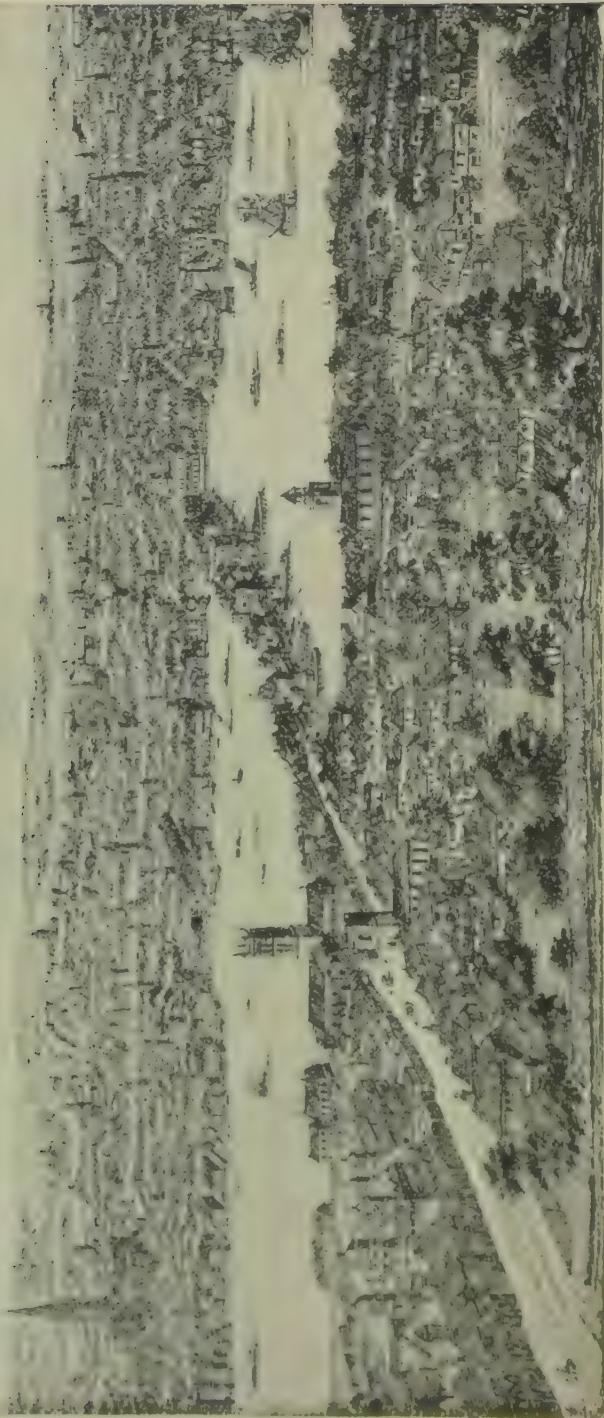
5. When Shakespeare was twenty-one years of age, he set off, like many another countryman, to seek his fortune in the great city of London. For eleven years he was absent from Stratford, and saw little of his wife and three children during that time, though, no doubt, he sent home money for their support.

6. An old story tells us that Shakespeare was *forced* to leave his native town. If you visit Stratford and walk by the side of the Avon upstream for three miles, you will come to the park of Charlecote, with its great oaks and beeches, and its deep glades of moss and bracken.

7. In Shakespeare's day, Charlecote belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, who was the justice of the peace for the district. You may still see his coat of arms with three luces, or pike, above the gateway at the entrance to the park. The beautiful house, which stands in the park, was built in the first year of Elizabeth's reign, and we know that the queen once paid a visit to it.

8. Charlecote Park was then part of the Forest of Arden, and it abounded in deer and rabbits. The story goes that Shakespeare joined a gang of men who made a practice of deer-stealing in Charlecote Park.

9. It is said that he was caught during one of



AN OLD PICTURE OF LONDON, SHOWING LONDON BRIDGE IN THE DAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

these expeditions, and was whipped and imprisoned by Sir Thomas Lucy.* In revenge he wrote some very scornful verses and fastened them to the park gates. So angry was the justice of the peace that Shakespeare was obliged to fly from his vengeance.

10. Now we see him on the road to London. Two roads lay before him—the one through Banbury, Buckingham, and Aylesbury; the other by way of Oxford and the Thames valley. Perhaps he took the latter road, and in doing so passed through “the city of the dreaming spires.” We may be sure that, if he visited Oxford, the sight of its glorious old colleges would fill his poet’s heart with delight.

11. We do not know whether he walked or rode; but whichever he did, he would spend the nights in one or other of the clean, comfortable inns which were then to be found in all the towns and villages on the road. We can picture the auburn-haired, brown-eyed young fellow sitting in a corner of the big inn kitchens, listening to the travellers’ tales which were being told round the fire. How keenly he would scan his fellow-travellers, and how eagerly he would store up their tales in his memory, ready for the day when his pen was to begin its work!

* See p. 23.

7. SHAKESPEARE IN LONDON.

1. And now Shakespeare has arrived in London. The city, which was then very small compared with its present size, would seem enormous to the young man from the little country town of Stratford.

2. As he crossed the single bridge which then spanned the Thames he would be sure to admire the rows of houses on either side, for they were considered one of the wonders of the world. We can imagine the country-bred lad gazing open-mouthed at the fine buildings, and the novel sights of the bustling streets.

3. But a man cannot live on wonders, and Shakespeare had now to find work in order to provide himself with food, lodging, and clothing. What this work was we do not know. For seven long years his life is a complete blank to us.

4. Some writers think that he must have travelled abroad during this time. He shows in his plays such a remarkable knowledge of the sea, of courts and camps, and of all sorts and conditions of men and women, that it is thought he must have travelled widely and mixed with high and low, rich and poor. In the first play which he wrote, he tells us that "home-keeping youths have ever homely wits."

5. We may be sure that before long Shakespeare found his way to one or other of the two theatres which then existed in London—either to “The Theatre” in Shoreditch, or to “The Curtain” in Moor Fields. Both these theatres were outside the bounds of the city, and gentlemen who came to see the plays rode on horseback.

6. An old story tells us that Shakespeare earned a livelihood by holding the horses of visitors to the theatre. We are also told that in the course of time he was offered employment inside the theatre, perhaps to give notice to the actors when they were required on the stage.

7. We do not know how Shakespeare rose from this humble post to be an actor. Perhaps some player may have fallen ill, or have been absent when the hour of performance arrived ; and the young man, who for some time had been watching eagerly every movement on the stage, may have been asked to take the vacant place. We know that actors from both the London theatres were in Stratford during the year 1587. Perhaps some fellow-townsman said a good word for him to one of these visitors, who remembered the young man when he returned to London.

8. In the next lesson I shall tell you something about the theatre of Shakespeare’s day. At that

time all actors were considered to be “rogues and vagabonds,” and were obliged to seek the protection of some nobleman who would answer for their conduct.

9. One band of actors was first known as the Earl of Leicester’s servants, and it is very likely that Shakespeare joined this company. Afterwards, when King James came to the throne, he showed much favour to the Earl of Leicester’s old servants, and said that they might call themselves “The King’s Players.”

10. Shakespeare was now in comfortable circumstances. We know, however, that he was not a great actor, and that he did not greatly love acting. Before long his fellows set him to prepare old plays for the stage. Thus he became a playwright, and began to write those wonderful works which “age cannot wither, nor custom stale.”

11. In all times and in all places people have loved living pictures. You can imagine the delight of men and women who could not read when they saw stories actually taking place before their eyes. Even now, when we have books in plenty, we love to see stories acted.

12. We are deeply interested when we see real men and women taking the part of the characters, doing all sorts of deeds, and appearing to rejoice and

sorrow according to the good or bad fortune which attends them. If they are good actors, they can play on our feelings just as a great master can play upon an organ.

8. THE THEATRE IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.

1. I told you in Book III. that few people except the well-to-do could read even in the days of Spenser and Raleigh. Books were very expensive, and schools were few and far between. Now it was very important that the people should be taught the Bible stories, and that they should be encouraged to love truth and justice and charity, and to avoid wrongdoing in all its forms. How could this be done in the days before books?

2. The priests of early times understood very clearly that if an idea is to make a strong impression on a man's mind, it must enter not only by the ear-gate, but by the eye-gate as well. So they composed plays dealing with stories from Scripture, or showing the beauty of goodness and the evil of sin, and these plays were performed at certain seasons of the Christian year.

3. The old church plays were very rude and rough, and there was very little art in them. The



THE GLOBE THEATRE AT SOUTHWARK.

(From a drawing in the British Museum.)

This theatre was built on the site of an older one in which Shakespeare,
perhaps, first appeared as an actor.

stage was placed upon a cart which was dragged about the streets, so that the people could gather round and see the performance almost at their own doors. On the old stages there were sometimes

three stories : the top story represented heaven, the middle one earth, and the lower one hell. So you see that sometimes three plays were going on at the same time.

4. One play that was acted in Cornwall began with the Creation and ended with the Flood. Other plays told the life stories of the saints. Sometimes, to amuse the people, comic characters were introduced, and in the course of time one of these comic characters became the clown, whom you still see in the circus or at the pantomime. I am afraid that the people liked the clown much better than the Bible characters. Indeed, we are told that if there was no clown in the play the people did not care to see it.

5. The people of Elizabeth's day were so fond of stage plays, and so many of them were performed, that they became very skilful in making these living pictures and in acting them. Whenever a nobleman gave a party he had a play acted to amuse his guests. You already know that the Earl of Leicester had a play performed when Elizabeth visited him at Kenilworth Castle. Bands of players roamed about the country, acting in barns or inn yards, and sometimes, as at Stratford, in the guild halls.

6. The only regular theatres in the country when Shakespeare became an actor were in London. You

know that there were two of them—"The Theatre" in Shoreditch, and "The Curtain" in Moor Fields. Let me try to describe a theatre of Queen Elizabeth's time.

7. The building was circular in form, and the middle of it, which was open to the sky, had no seats. Only the stage and the gallery were roofed in.* The open space, which was known as the "yard," was occupied by the "groundlings," who paid from a penny to sixpence for admission. A place in the gallery or a seat on the stage cost from a shilling to half a crown.

8. The performances usually began at three in the afternoon, and lasted from two to three hours. When a play was about to begin, a flag was hoisted above the theatre as a signal. The stage itself was strewn with rushes, and on it sat young gallants drinking and smoking. If a lady went to the theatre she wore a mask, so that she might not be recognized, and sat in the "rooms" or "boxes."

9. In the "yard," apprentices and tradesmen and sailors jostled each other, cracked nuts, and fought for half-bitten apples. You can easily understand that in those days the theatre was not a respectable place, and that sober, serious men and women avoided it altogether.

* See Frontispiece.

10. In due time a flourish of trumpets was heard, and an actor dressed in black came forward and made a speech introducing the play. Then the trumpets sounded again, the curtain was drawn back, and the play began. The actors sometimes wore rich costumes, but no actor wore the dress that went with the character which he was then representing. Though he might play the part of a Roman or a Greek or an ancient Briton, he still wore the dress of his own day. All the actors were men and boys; not until many years later did women take part in plays.

11. The stage was hung with "painted cloths," and overhead was a blue canopy representing "the heavens." Sometimes when the play was a tragedy—that is, a sad play in which some of the characters come to a violent end—the stage was hung with black. There was no movable scenery, such as we see in theatres to-day.

12. As a rule, the scene was indicated by a board, on which was written the name of the place: "A Room in the Palace," "A Wood near Athens," "On a Ship at Sea," and so forth. At the back of the stage was a balcony which served many purposes. It was a window, battlements, a hillside, or an upper room. These simple arrangements permitted the playwright to

38 THE THEATRE IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.

change the scene as often as he wished without expense.

13. While the play was being acted, the clown amused the "groundlings" by all sorts of jokes and antics, which had nothing to do with the play, and were only intended to keep the people in the "yard" in a good humour. We know that Shakespeare disliked this clowning very much, and in his great play *Hamlet* he warns the actors against the practice.

14. Between the acts there were dancing and singing, and the performance usually ended with a jig, to the music of pipe or tabor. Finally, the actors came to the front of the stage, where they knelt down and offered up a prayer for the queen.

15. Such was the theatre in the days of good Queen Bess. A great writer has said that "the stage in Shakespeare's time was a naked room with a blanket for a curtain, but he made it a field for monarchs."

9. TO THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

[The poets of Elizabeth's day were fond of singing the queen's praises in verse. The following verses are an acrostic—that is, the initial letters make up a name. In this case they make up the words Elisabetha Regina, the Latin words for Elizabeth, Queen.]

1. E ach month hath praise in some degree ;
L et May to others seem to be
I n sense the sweetest season ;
S eptember, thou art best to me,
A nd best doth please my reason.
2. B ut neither for thy corn nor wine
E xtol I those mild days of thine,
T hough corn and wine might praise thee ;
H eaven gives thee honour more divine,
A nd higher fortunes raise thee.
3. R enowned art thou, sweet month, for this,
E mong* thy days her birthday is ;
G race, plenty, peace, and honour
I n one fair hour with her were born ;
N ow since they still her crown adorn,
A nd still attend upon her.

SIR JOHN DAVIES (1569-1626).

* Among.

10. SHAKESPEARE AT WORK AND AT PLAY.

1. When he was twenty-seven years of age Shakespeare wrote his first play, the gay and happy comedy *Love's Labour's Lost*. It is just the kind of play which a clever young man newly arrived from the country would write. In it he constantly refers to the flowers and the birds of his beloved Warwickshire; and he pictures the maidens, the pompous parish schoolmaster, and the stupid country constable, whom he knew in Stratford and the surrounding villages.

2. *Love's Labour's Lost* was the first of the thirty-seven plays which Shakespeare wrote between his twenty-seventh and forty-seventh years. When you are older you will read these plays, and marvel at the beautiful language and the noble thoughts which they contain. Shakespeare has been dead for over three hundred years, yet his plays are still performed, and they give us even greater pleasure to-day than they gave to the people of his own time.

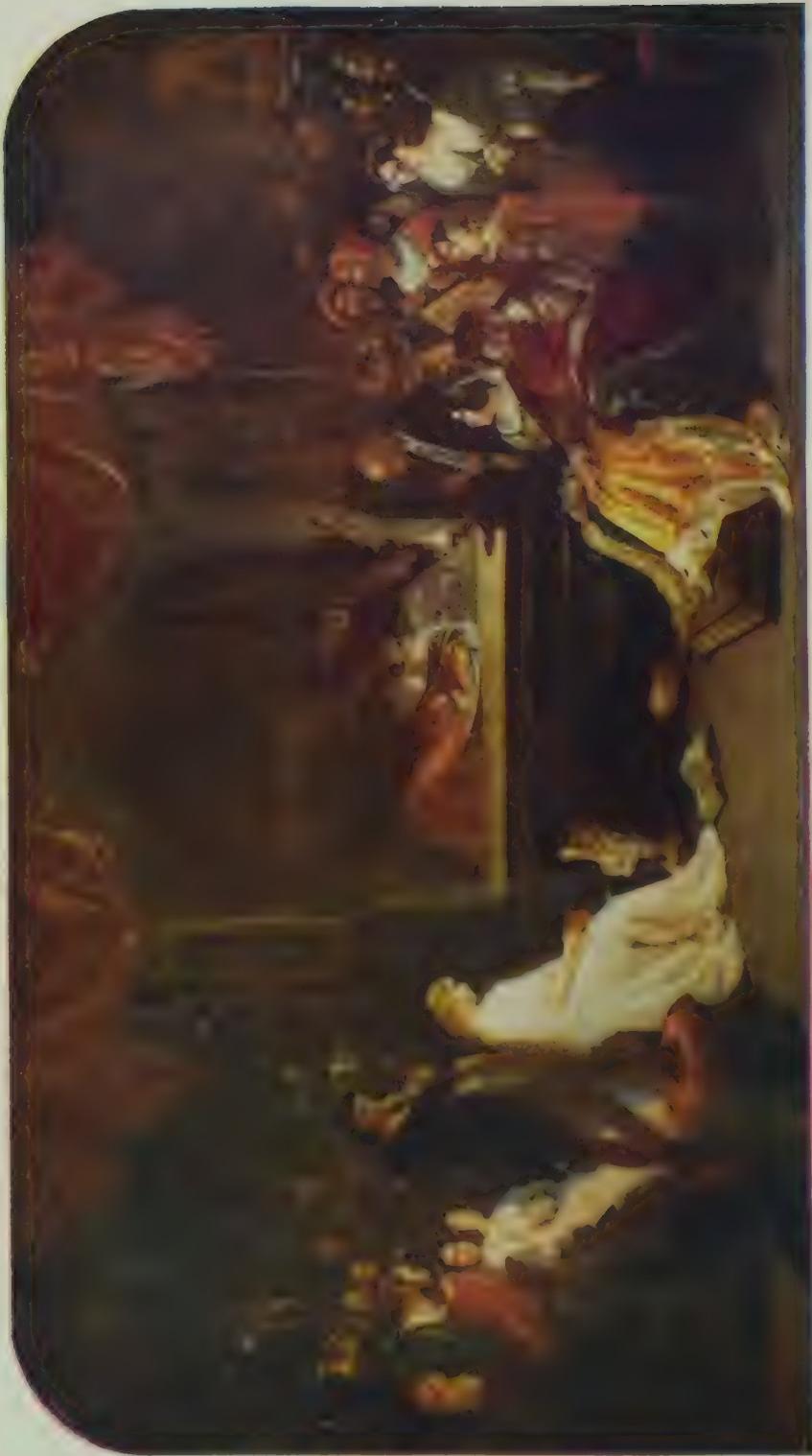
3. No doubt you wonder how this young man from the country, with his little schooling and his narrow opportunities, became possessed of his wonderful wisdom and his marvellous skill in writing poetry. You must always remember that

Shakespeare was a great genius, and that he had powers which are given to only a few men in the whole history of the world. Above all, he had the great gift of looking into the hearts and minds of men and women, and of learning everything about them from their actions and words.

4. Good or bad, young or old, wise or foolish, merry or sad, rich or poor, all yielded their secrets to him, and it was out of this deep and sure knowledge of mankind that he created the characters of his plays. They are all lifelike, and they all speak and act just as if they were living and breathing. This is the great reason why Shakespeare's plays are not "for an age but for all time."

5. The plot of *Love's Labour's Lost* was Shakespeare's own, but the plots of many of his other plays were taken from history, from legends, from romances, and from still older plays well known to writers of the time. Shakespeare rewrote these old stories, and in doing so made them "things of beauty" which have become "a joy for ever." He stamped them all with his own genius, and thus made them his own.

6. Shakespeare soon became a popular playwright, and this caused some of the meaner actors and writers to become jealous of him. One of them wrote on his deathbed a spiteful book, in



The Play Scene from "Hamlet."

(From "The Actor," by James M. T. Agar.)

which he called Shakespeare “an upstart crow.” The great writer Ben Jonson was his friend ; but he, too, sometimes said unkind things about him. Shakespeare was, however, so honest, so open, and so free from envy that he cared little for those pin-pricks. He had hosts of admirers, not only amongst the writers and actors of the time, but amongst the rich and great.

7. It was not his work for the stage that first brought him to the notice of the queen and her courtiers. Very early in his career he wrote a poem which greatly delighted Elizabeth and those of her knights who loved and understood poetry. The queen showed him much favour, and it is said that he acted more than once in her presence.

8. We know that her successor, James the First, enjoyed Shakespeare’s plays very much, and frequently had them performed at one or other of his palaces. At court Shakespeare may have met Spenser, and he certainly did meet and become very friendly with such great noblemen as the Earl of Southampton and the Earl of Pembroke. Probably also he met and talked with Francis Drake and Walter Raleigh. We can easily imagine him listening with rapt attention to their fascinating tales of foreign lands and stern fights with the hated Spaniards.

9. Shakespeare was now well-to-do. He was

well paid as an actor and as a playwright, and he owned shares in two theatres. In the midst of his prosperity, however, he did not forget his native town. He had left it in disgrace, and now he longed to return to it rich and famous. He wished to set up as a country gentleman, so he began to buy land and houses in Stratford, and in the year 1597, when he was thirty-three years of age, he became the owner of New Place. You will remember that we visited the site of this house during our walks in Stratford.

10. Between the years 1610 and 1612 Shakespeare left London for good, and settled down in New Place. What a change this must have been to him! He no longer lived in a great noisy city, spending his days amidst clever and witty friends and his nights in the crowded theatre. He had exchanged all this for a quiet home in a little country town, set in green meadows, with soft blue hills in the distance and a brimming river near at hand.

11. His father was still alive, but his mother was dead, and so was his brother Edmund. But the greatest blow of all was the death of his little son Hamnet, a boy of eleven. There was now no son to inherit his name and property. His elder daughter, Susanna, had married a doctor in the town, and she had a little daughter, the only grand-

child whom Shakespeare lived to see. His younger daughter, Judith, was still single, and she probably lived with her mother, who was now growing old.

12. In the peace and calm of New Place and its beautiful garden Shakespeare spent his days, and we find him attending to his affairs with great shrewdness. Now and then, when he grew tired of Stratford, he went up to London to gossip with his old friends, or to see a performance of one of his own plays.

13. Early in January 1616 the townsfolk of Stratford began to notice that Master William Shakespeare was showing signs of breaking up. He was, however, still gay and cheerful, and in February he was able to attend the wedding of his daughter Judith in the parish church. A few weeks later Ben Jonson, and some other London friends, came down to Stratford to see him. They spent a merry time, but when the party broke up, Shakespeare slowly began to sink.

14. He lingered on until the trees began to bud, and the primroses and daffodils appeared in his garden. On the 23rd day of April 1616 the world lost Shakespeare. He passed away to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns," leaving behind him the greatest name in all our literature.

William Shakespeare



ARIEL.

(From a drawing of Miss Horton in the character, by Daniel Maclise, R.A., in the Stratford Memorial Gallery.)

II. SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS.

[The following songs are from *The Tempest*, one of the most charming of all Shakespeare's comedies. An important character in the play is a great magician named Prospero. Just before the curtain falls he breaks his staff, throws his magic book into the water, dismisses the airy spirits that do his bidding, and then goes back to his dukedom to take up the work of ruling his people. It has been said that Prospero was Shakespeare himself, and that after writing this comedy (probably in 1610) he left the theatre, gave up writing plays, and settled down in Stratford.]

The following songs are sung by Ariel, the chief of Prospero's attendant spirits, to a young prince who has been shipwrecked and thinks that his father and his friends have been drowned.]

I.

1. Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands :
 Courtsied when you have, and kissed
 The wild waves whist,*
 Foot it feately† here and there ;
 And, sweet sprites, the burthen ‡ bear.
 Hark, hark !

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark :
 Bow-wow.
 Hark, hark, I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer §
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

* Into silence.

+ Neatly, skilfully.

‡ Chorus.

§ Cock.

II.

2. Full fathom* five thy father lies :
 Of his bones are coral made ;
 Those are pearls which were his eyes :
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
 [Burthen] Ding-dong.
 Hark ! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell.

III.

3. Where the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

12. "HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK."—I

1. Shakespeare did not write for young boys and girls, but for grown men and women. For this reason you cannot yet understand and appreciate his

* Measure of length, containing six feet.

works. Nevertheless, before we pass on, I think you would like to read two of the stories which are told in his plays. I shall first tell you the story of Shakespeare's greatest tragedy, *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, then that of his beautiful comedy, *As You Like It*.

2. You already know that a tragedy is a grave and sad play. Chaucer says that a tragedy is

“A certain story
Of him that stood in great prosperity,
And is now fallen out of high degree
Into misery, and endeth wretchedly.”

Listen to the story of how Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, fell out of high degree into misery and ended wretchedly.

3. Once upon a time there was a good King of Denmark who died suddenly, leaving his son Hamlet as heir to the throne. Less than two months after the king's death his widowed queen took another husband. She married the late king's brother Claudius, who was the very opposite in every respect of her former husband. He had been brave and noble, handsome and upright; while Claudius was mean in character and mind, and had no graces of person or manner.

4. The Danes disliked this marriage very much,

not only because it showed the queen to be a fickle and unfeeling woman, but because they suspected that Claudius had brought about the death of the king in order that he might ascend the throne in place of the rightful heir.

5. The young prince had loved and almost worshipped his father, and was heartbroken at his loss. The marriage of his mother made him even more sad. Between grief for his father's memory and shame at his mother's marriage, he fell into a deep sadness and gloom from which nothing could rouse him.

6. His mother and his uncle tried in every way to divert his mind, but he refused to be comforted. He still dressed himself in the deepest mourning, and would not change it even on the day of the queen's marriage. He took no part in the wedding feast, and gave his mother no words of good will. To him her marriage day appeared to be a day of shame and disgrace.

7. What troubled him most was the manner of his father's death. Claudius said that a serpent had stung the king to death, but Hamlet could not help thinking that the serpent who had stung him now sat on his throne.

8. One day a friend of the young prince told him that a figure exactly like the dead king, his father, had been seen two or three times at dead of

night by the sentinels who watched on the battlements of the castle. The figure, so the soldiers said, was clad from head to foot in the dead king's armour; its face was sad and pale, and its brown beard was turning gray. When they spoke to it they received no reply, though once it appeared as if about to speak. At the moment when the cock crowed the figure vanished out of their sight.

9. This story greatly disturbed the mind of the young prince, and he could not but believe that it was his father's ghost. He felt sure that it had come to speak to him, so he determined to watch with the sentinels the very next night.

10. When darkness fell, he took his stand with his friend Horatio on the battlements and waited. The night was chilly, and the air was very raw. Just as Hamlet was talking about the coldness of the night the ghost appeared.

11. In a moment Hamlet knew that it was his father. At first he was overcome with fear, but he soon recovered himself, and crying out, "King! father!" begged the ghost to say why he had left his grave, and to tell him what he was to do in order to give peace to his disturbed spirit. Then the ghost beckoned Hamlet to follow him.

12. When they were alone and unobserved the spirit spoke, and said that he was indeed the ghost



JOHN KEMBLE AS HAMLET.

(From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.)

of the dead king, and that he had been cruelly murdered by his brother Claudius. As he was sleeping in the garden one afternoon, his wicked brother had crept up to him, poured poison into his ear, and thus robbed him of life.

13. Then the ghost called upon Hamlet to revenge his foul murder, and this the trembling prince promised to do. After beseeching him not to harm his mother in any way, the vision vanished, and Hamlet found himself alone.

13. "HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK."—II.

1. Hamlet now made a solemn vow that thenceforth he would devote himself wholly and entirely to the work of revenging his dead father. He had been weak and miserable before the appearance of the ghost; now he felt that his mind was giving way.

2. He feared that if he lost his reason he would be unable to do the ghost's bidding, so he resolved to *pretend* to be mad. In this way he hoped that his uncle would not suspect that he knew the dreadful secret, and would think him incapable of plotting revenge.

3. From this time onward Hamlet behaved as

though he were really out of his wits. He spoke and dressed in the strangest manner, and so well did he act that the king and the queen were both deceived. At first they thought that grief at his father's death had driven him mad, but after a while they came to the conclusion that he had lost his reason because he was unhappy in love.

4. Before Hamlet's grief had so changed him he dearly loved a fair maid named Ophelia, the daughter of Polonius, the king's chief counsellor. Hamlet had begged the lady to marry him, and she believed that he really loved her.

5. When, however, he became oppressed by grief he began to treat Ophelia with unkindness, and almost with rudeness. As a matter of fact, Hamlet still loved Ophelia, but he tried to set his love aside because he thought that it would interfere with his vow of revenge.

6. He could not, however, put Ophelia entirely out of his thoughts, and one day he wrote her a letter that really seemed to be the work of a madman. Here and there, however, there were gentle words which showed that his love for her was not dead.

7. Ophelia showed this letter to her father, and the old man took it to the king and queen. When they read it they felt sure that poor Ophelia was the cause of Hamlet's madness, and they hoped

that her love would soon restore him to health of mind and body.

8. You and I know that it was not Hamlet's love for Ophelia which had so changed him. Every hour of the day he thought of his poor dead father and of his solemn promise to revenge the murder. Hamlet was a man of weak resolution, and he could not make up his mind how or when to bring Claudius to justice. He hated the thought of killing him, yet he had sworn to do it.

9. Then, too, he began to wonder whether, after all, he had really seen and spoken to his father's ghost, or had only been visited by a bad dream. So he wavered day by day, and at last decided that he would not kill the king until he had other and better grounds for believing him guilty.

10. While Hamlet was in this distracted frame of mind a company of actors arrived at the castle. They were well known to the young prince, who in the days of his happiness had greatly delighted in their plays.

11. He now welcomed them warmly, and begged one of the players, who was an old friend, to recite a favourite speech. The actor began his recitation, and so completely did he throw himself into the spirit of it that real tears began to fall from his eyes.

12. This set Hamlet thinking about the powerful

effect of the actor's art on those who see and hear him. Suddenly he remembered a story of a man who had killed a companion, and who went to the theatre, where he saw a play in which a murder was performed. When the murderer saw the actor being put to death in the same way that he had killed his victim, he sprang from his seat and confessed his crime.

13. At once Hamlet thought that he might set a trap for the king in this manner, and learn from his behaviour whether the ghost's story was true or false. He immediately arranged with the actors to perform a play showing the murder of the late king, and invited Claudius and his mother to be present. While the play was going on he meant to watch his uncle very closely.

14. The play took place that very evening. As the story unfolded itself, both the king and the queen were very uncomfortable. At the moment when one of the players was pouring poison into the ear of his sleeping brother, the king sprang from his seat, and crying out that he was unwell, retired to his private chamber.

15. The play thus came to a sudden end ; and Hamlet became strangely excited, for he was now quite certain that the ghost's words were true, and that Claudius was his father's murderer.

14. "HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK." -- III.

1. The king was very uneasy, for he suspected that Hamlet had somehow discovered his secret. He therefore bade the queen send for her son and question him closely. In order that he might learn how much Hamlet knew, he instructed Polonius to hide behind the curtains and to report to him all that passed between the queen and the young prince. Polonius was a crafty old man, and was quite willing to play the spy.

2. The queen told her son that he had given great offence to his *father*. At once Hamlet interrupted her, and said that he would not give that honoured name to his uncle. "Mother," he said, "*you* have much offended *my father*." At this the queen grew angry, and was about to retire, when Hamlet seized her by the wrist and detained her.

3. Old Polonius, behind the curtains, feared that Hamlet was about to show violence to his mother, so he cried out for help. Then Hamlet knew that he was being spied upon ; and, whipping out his sword, thrust it through and through the curtain, shouting madly, "How now ! a rat ? Dead ! for a ducat,* dead !"

4. Polonius was indeed dead, and Hamlet,

* An old gold coin worth about ten shillings of our money.

though sorry for his rash deed, pretended not to care. He pleaded with the queen in most moving words, and told her how wicked she had been to forget his father and to marry the man who had murdered him. Then he showed her two pictures —the one of the late king, the other of the present king—and bade her mark the difference.

5. What a grace was on the brow of his father ! how like a god he was ! This man, he said, *had* been her husband. Then he showed her the man who had usurped his father's place. How like a blight or a mildew he looked ! How unworthy he was in every way to be her husband ! At this the queen begged him to cease, and said that his words pierced her heart like daggers.

6. At this moment the ghost of the late king again appeared. Hamlet saw the vision clearly, but it was invisible to his mother. The ghost then spoke to Hamlet, and said that he had come to remind him of his promise and to whet his almost blunted purpose. Then he bade Hamlet speak to his mother, who was fainting with fright.

7. Hamlet thereupon begged his mother for the future to avoid Claudius, and said that when she should show herself mindful of his father's memory he would ask a blessing of her as a son. The queen promised to do so, and Hamlet departed.

Ophelia.

(From the picture by Sir John Millais, R.A., in the Tate Gallery.)



8. The murder of Polonius soon came to the ears of the king, who would have put Hamlet to death if his mother had not pleaded for him. In the end the young prince was banished to England ; but on the voyage he was captured by pirates, who showed him much kindness, and set him ashore again on Danish ground. Hamlet at once wrote to the king, saying that he was about to return home.

9. Next day Hamlet and his friend Horatio passed a churchyard, in which they saw a man digging a grave. Hamlet talked with the grave-digger, and as he did so a funeral procession appeared. Then he learnt to his great grief that Ophelia was dead and was about to be buried.

10. Her father's violent end and the unkindness of Hamlet had robbed her of her reason, and she had wandered from the court into the woods, where she had fallen into a stream and had been drowned. At the sight of her dead body all Hamlet's love for the poor lady returned.

11. Now Ophelia had an only brother, a proud and headstrong young man named Laertes. He had loved his sister very dearly, and he was almost frantic with grief at her death. When her body was lowered into the grave he sprang into it in order to hold his beloved sister once more in his arms. Then Hamlet sprang into the grave too,

and Laertes, knowing him to be the murderer of his father and the cause of his sister's death, grappled fiercely with him.

12. The attendants parted them with difficulty, and the poor heart-broken prince cried,—

“ I loved Ophelia : forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up the sum.”

13. The wicked uncle now determined that Hamlet should die, so he secretly sent for Laertes and plotted with him. He persuaded the young man to challenge Hamlet to a friendly bout of fencing ; and as Hamlet was proud of his skill, he gladly agreed to the match. A day was appointed for the sword-play, and when it arrived the king and queen and all the courtiers were present.

14. The foils with which the young men were to fence had buttons at the end to make them harmless. The king instructed Laertes to break off the button of his foil, and to rub poison on the blade, so that, even if Hamlet were scratched, he would die.

15. The fight began, and Laertes, who was the better swordsman, played with Hamlet and let him gain some advantages. Then after a few passes he made a deadly thrust at the young prince, and

pierced him with the poisoned blade. A scuffle followed, during which both the swords were struck out of the fencers' hands, and when they snatched them up again Hamlet seized the foil which Laertes had used. Then the fighting was resumed, and Hamlet managed to wound Laertes with his own weapon.

16. At this moment the queen shrieked out that she was poisoned. The wicked king had prepared a bowl of poisoned wine for Hamlet to drink when he was hot and thirsty with the sword-play. The queen had tasted the wine, and was now in the throes of death.

17. Hamlet knew that there was treachery on foot, and he ordered the doors to be shut while he sought for the traitor. Then Laertes, repenting of his part in the wickedness, told Hamlet that he too was poisoned, and that it was the king who was the traitor. At once Hamlet turned upon his false uncle, and stabbed him to the heart.

18. And so, with all the chief actors in the tragedy dead or dying, the mournful play concludes. Horatio would willingly have died with his friend, but Hamlet bade him live to tell his story to the world. Then the young prince died, and Horatio wept bitter tears and commended his soul to God. Thus ends the miserable story.

15. CONTENT.

1. Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
 O sweet content !
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?
 O punishment !
 Dost laugh to see how fools are vexed
 To add to golden numbers * golden numbers ?
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
 Honest labour bears a lovely face,
 Then hey noney, noney ! hey noney, noney !
2. Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring ? †
 O sweet content !
 Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own
 tears ?
 O punishment !
 Then he that patiently Want's burden bears,
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king.
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
 Honest labour bears a lovely face.
 Then hey noney, noney ! hey noney, noney !

THOMAS DEKKER

(about 1570 to about 1641).

* Money.

† Wrinkled into little waves ; rippling.

16. "AS YOU LIKE IT."—I.

1. You have now read the plot of *Hamlet*, and I am sure that you have found it very sad and gloomy. Let us turn for relief to one of the bright and merry plays which Shakespeare wrote. In all he composed more than a dozen comedies, which still afford playgoers much amusement. These comedies are full of jokes, shrewd sayings, sweet songs, laughable muddles, and queer mistakes. One of the most delightful of them is called *As You Like It*. The story of this play you shall now hear.

2. Once upon a time a certain Duke ruled over one of the provinces in the north of France. The Duke had a younger brother named Frederick, who by all sorts of baseness and trickery managed to turn his people against him. As a result the Duke was driven from his dominions, and Frederick was chosen to reign in his stead. Gathering a few faithful friends about him, the banished Duke withdrew to the Forest of Arden, where he lived in the greenwood like the famous Robin Hood of old English story.

3. In summer the Duke and his men lay under the shade of the forest trees watching the wild deer and passing the time in pleasant discourse. In winter their lot was less happy; but the Duke

was a man of such calm and even temper that even the roughest weather could not make him complain. "These chilling winds," said he, "are true counsellors. They do not flatter me, but tell me truly of my condition. Though they bite sharply, their tooth is not so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude." In this way the Duke drew a useful moral from everything that he saw. He could find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

4. Now the banished Duke had an only daughter, named Rosalind; and the usurper had also an only daughter, named Celia. The two girls loved each other dearly, and could not bear to be separated even for an hour. So, when the Duke was driven away to the forest, Rosalind remained at her uncle's court as a companion to her cousin Celia. Rosalind was often sad when she thought of her exiled father, but Celia did everything in her power to make her forget her sorrow. Her whole care was to comfort and console her cousin.

5. One day the girls went to see a wrestling match which was to take place in a courtyard of the palace. The Duke's champion—a big, powerful man named Charles—was ready to meet all comers. He had overthrown many strong men in contests of this kind, and had maimed and even slain some of



"GENTLEMAN, WEAR THIS FOR ME."

his opponents. Strange to say, a very young and unpractised man had challenged him, and now the struggle was about to begin.

6. When the Duke saw Celia and Rosalind he said, "How now, daughter and niece, are you crept hither to see the wrestling? You will take little delight in it, for there is such odds in the men. In pity to this young man, I wish you would persuade him to give up the match. Speak to him, ladies, and see if you can move him."

7. The cousins were very glad to do this kindly deed, for they felt sure that the young man would be seriously hurt, if not killed, in the encounter. Rosalind begged the youth not to wrestle with the champion; but instead of being persuaded by her gentle words, he showed himself more eager than ever to try his fortune. Above all things he wished to distinguish himself in this lovely lady's eyes.

8. He told her that he was sorry to deny her anything, and begged her to wish him well. "If I be conquered," he said, "there is one shamed that was never gracious; if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me. I shall do the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. I only fill up a place that may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

9. And now the wrestling match began, and the young ladies looked on with fear and trembling. As for Rosalind, her heart went out to the brave youth, and she felt that she loved him because he was so lonely and friendless and yet so full of courage. Cheered by her kind words he strove with all his might, and actually overthrew the champion, who was so much hurt that for a while he was unable to speak or move.

10. The Duke was much pleased with the courage and skill of the stranger, and wished to know his name and parentage. The young man said that his name was Orlando, and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois, who was now dead; but, when living, was a true subject and dear friend of the banished Duke.

11. When Frederick heard this all his liking for the young man changed into anger, and he left the place in a very ill humour. Rosalind, however, was delighted to hear that the gallant young man was the son of her father's old friend. She therefore spoke to him more kindly than before, and taking a chain from her neck, said, "Gentleman, wear this for me. I am out of favour with fortune, or I would give you a more valuable present."

12. When the ladies were alone, all Rosalind's talk was about Orlando, and Celia soon saw that

her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler. Shortly afterwards Duke Frederick entered the room. He was still angry, and his spite suddenly broke out against Rosalind. With angry words he bade her leave his palace and follow her father into banishment. Celia pleaded with him, but all in vain. Her father paid no heed to her, but angrily bade Rosalind begone.

13. When Celia found that she could not prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain with her, she said that she would leave the palace too. She would go with her cousin, and together they would seek the banished Duke in the Forest of Arden.

14. Before they set out Celia thought it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel together ; so they decided that Rosalind, who was the taller of the two, should dress as a young countryman, and that Celia should attire herself as a country lass. They were to pass as brother and sister. Rosalind was to call herself Ganymede, and Celia chose the name of Aliena.

15. The two girls then disguised themselves, and, taking their money and jewels with them, set out on the long journey to the forest. Rosalind began to put on manly airs with her man's dress, and to play the part of a stout-hearted brother to the gentle village maid Aliena. After many days they reached

the forest ; but both the girls were worn out with fatigue, and Aliena declared that she could not go a step farther. Ganymede did his best to cheer her, but he too was faint and worn. At last they both sat by the roadside, the most downcast, weary, and unhappy pair that you ever beheld.

17. "AS YOU LIKE IT."—II.

1. When they were thus resting by the roadside a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganymede once more tried to speak with a manly boldness. "Shepherd," she said, "I will give you thanks and gold if you will take us to a place where we can rest in safety. This young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with travelling, and is faint for want of food."

2. The shepherd said that he was only a servant, and that his cottage was a poor place, but that they were welcome to all that was in it. The cottage was just going to be sold, and they might buy it, and the flock of sheep too, if they wished. Thereupon the two girls followed the man, and when they had refreshed themselves, they bought the house and the flock, and decided to remain in the cottage until they could learn in what part of the forest the Duke

dwelt. In a few days the young ladies had quite recovered their spirits, and they began to enjoy their new way of life as shepherd and shepherdess.

3. Now, quite unknown to the ladies, Orlando was in the forest too. His elder brother had always treated him harshly, because he was envious of his fine person and graceful manners. One day this wicked brother vowed that he would burn the chamber in which Orlando slept. He was overheard making this vow by an old and faithful servant who was devoted to Orlando because he resembled Sir Rowland, his former master and friend.

4. This old man, whose name was Adam, warned Orlando of his danger, and begged him to leave the place that very night. He had saved five hundred crowns in the service of Sir Rowland, and this money he now pressed upon Orlando. "Take it," he said, "and He that doth the ravens feed be comfort to my age. Let me go with you and be your servant. Though I look old I will tend you and care for you better than a younger man." Orlando was much touched by the old man's generosity, and said, "We will go together, and before your money is spent I hope to find some means to maintain us both."

5. The faithful servant and his beloved master set out at once, and tramped on and on until they



ALIENA AND GANYMEDE.

(From the picture by Sir John Millais, R.A. By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co.)

came to the Forest of Arden. By this time the old man was so weary that he cried, "Oh my dear master, I die for want of food ; I can go no farther." Orlando tried hard to cheer him, but when he saw how weak poor Adam was, he laid him tenderly under the shade of a tree and set off to seek food.

6. Suddenly he saw the Duke and his friends seated under a tree taking their dinner. Orlando was now desperate, and, drawing his sword, prepared to rob them of their meal. The banished nobleman, however, bade him sit down and help himself, and spoke so graciously to him that the young man was ashamed of his rudeness. He explained that he needed the food, not for himself but for his poor old servant, who was lying under a tree a mile or two away.

7. "Go, and bring him hither," said the Duke ; and in a short time Orlando returned carrying Adam in his arms. Food and wine soon restored the old man, and when the Duke knew who Orlando was, he bade him join his company and live under his protection.

8. Now we must return to Ganymede and Aliena in their cottage. As they took their walks in the forest they were much surprised to see the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and to find love verses to the same lady fastened to them.

While they stood wondering at this strange discovery, who should come towards them but Orlando, wearing about his neck the chain which Rosalind had given him.

9. Of course, Orlando did not know that the handsome youth Ganymede was the fair lady Rosalind who had won his heart. Rosalind knew Orlando at once, and was overjoyed to meet him again, but she did not betray herself. She put on the forward manners of a pert youth, and began to make fun of the lover whose handiwork she saw about her. "If I could find this lover," she said, "I would give him some counsel, and would soon cure him of his love."

10. Then Orlando confessed that he was the lover, and begged the handsome youth to give him the good counsel which he talked of. Ganymede advised him to come every day to the cottage where he and his sister lived. He would then pretend to be Rosalind, and would show him the fickle and wayward ways of ladies with their lovers. Orlando would soon become so disgusted with the whims and fancies of women that he would be cured.

11. Orlando had no great faith in this remedy, but he agreed to try it; and every day he came to the cottage and playfully courted Ganymede, whom he called his Rosalind. I am afraid that, instead of

being cured by this means, Orlando fell deeper in love with Rosalind than ever.

12. In this manner some weeks passed pleasantly. One day, when walking in the forest, Ganymede met the Duke, and had some talk with him. The father did not know his daughter in her man's dress, but he was much interested in the pretty shepherd boy, and asked him his name and parentage. Ganymede answered pertly that his parentage was as good as the Duke's, and, seeing that the banished nobleman was well and happy, was content to put off further explanations for a few days longer.

13. One morning, when Orlando was on his way to visit Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground with a large green snake twisted about his neck. When the snake saw Orlando it glided away amongst the bushes. The young man followed it, and discovered a lioness couching like a cat ready to spring upon the sleeping man as soon as he should wake. Lions, you know, will not feed upon a dead body, and this lioness was waiting to see the man stir, and thus show himself alive, before she sprang upon him.

14. Orlando looked at the man who was in such danger, and to his amazement found that it was the elder brother who had treated him so unkindly. For a moment he was tempted to leave his brother

to the fate which he so well deserved, but soon his better nature overcame his anger, and drawing his sword he fell upon the lioness. She tore one of his arms with her sharp claws, but Orlando soon killed her.

15. Meanwhile the elder brother had awakened from sleep, and when he saw the brother whom he had so cruelly wronged risking his life to save the man who had wronged him, he was filled with shame and remorse, and begged Orlando's pardon for his misdeeds. Orlando gladly forgave him, and ever after the two brothers were the best of friends.

16. The wound in Orlando's arm bled so much that he found himself too weak to visit Ganymede. He therefore asked his brother to go to the cottage and tell the young shepherd what had befallen him. How Rosalind received the news, and how the whole story ended happily, must be told in the next lesson.

18. "AS YOU LIKE IT."—III.

1. Orlando's brother, who was named Oliver, immediately set out for the cottage, and introduced himself to the young shepherd and his sister. Then he told them all that had happened: how he lay sleeping in the forest, and how Orlando had delivered

him, at the risk of his own life, from the fangs of the snake and the claws of the lioness. He further said that he was Orlando's elder brother, and that he had treated him most unkindly, and had even plotted to kill him, but that now he was full of shame, and was determined to make amends.

2. Then, in proof of his story, he showed them a blood-stained scarf, which had been used to bind up Orlando's wounds. At the sight of it Ganymede fainted, but soon recovered, and tried to pass off his weakness as a joke. "Tell your brother," said she, "that Ganymede, whom he calls his Rosalind, so well acted the part of that lady that she even pretended to faint at the sight of his blood." Meanwhile, Aliena had been so much touched by the remorse and grief of Oliver that she instantly fell in love with him.

3. Oliver now returned to his brother, and told him how Ganymede had swooned on hearing that he had been wounded. He also confessed that he loved the fair shepherdess Aliena very dearly, and wished with all his heart to marry her. He believed that she loved him in return, and he proposed to live with her in the cottage as a shepherd, and to settle his estate and house at home upon the brother whom he had wronged. Orlando bade him go back to Aliena and persuade her to

be married the very next day. Then he sighed, and said that it would be the greatest joy to him if he could be married to Rosalind at the same time.

4. At this moment Ganymede appeared, and Orlando told him of Oliver's love and of his own desire. Then Ganymede said that if Orlando really loved Rosalind as much as he professed to do, he should have his wish. He would make Rosalind appear in her own person on the morrow, and then Orlando would find that Rosalind was quite willing to marry him. Orlando was overjoyed at the prospect, but he could not believe that it would come to pass. Ganymede assured him that he would bring it about by the aid of magic, which he had learnt from a famous magician who was his uncle.

5. So next morning the Duke and his friends assembled to celebrate the double marriage. Oliver led Aliena by the hand into the presence of the Duke, and Orlando came with them; but Rosalind was nowhere to be seen, and Ganymede was missing.

6. When the Duke heard that it was his own daughter for whom they were waiting, he asked Orlando if he believed that the shepherd boy could really do what he had promised. Orlando replied that he knew not what to think; but as he was

speaking Ganymede entered, and asked the Duke if he would consent to the marriage of Rosalind and Orlando. "That I would," said the Duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her." Then Ganymede turned to Orlando and asked, "Would you marry her if I bring her here?" "That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

7. Ganymede and Aliena then retired to their cottage, where the shepherd boy threw off his male attire, and being once more dressed in the garments of a woman, quickly became Rosalind without the aid of magic. Aliena changed her country garb for her own rich clothes, and just as quickly became the Lady Celia.

8. While this was going on the Duke said that the shepherd Ganymede was very like his daughter Rosalind, and Orlando agreed with him. Just then Rosalind and Celia appeared in their own clothes, and the mystery was explained. Rosalind threw herself on her knees before her father and begged his blessing. She told him the whole story of her banishment, and how she had lived in the forest as a shepherd boy and passed off Celia as her sister.

9. Then the two couples were married amidst great rejoicing, and the wood rang with the sounds of merriment. As they sat down to dinner a messenger arrived with joyful news for the Duke.

His kingdom had been restored to him, and he was free to return to his palace and once more rule his people.

10. The story which the messenger told was as follows. When Celia fled to the forest with Rosalind, Duke Frederick was so enraged that he vowed to seize his brother and put him and his faithful followers to the sword. He called out his soldiers, and at the head of them marched towards the forest; but on the way he met with an old hermit, who talked to him and showed him the error of his ways.

11. So earnestly did the good old man plead with Frederick that he repented of his evil, and resolved to atone for it. He now wished to spend his life in prayer and good deeds, so he sent a messenger to his banished brother, offering to restore to him his dukedom, and bidding him return and take up the reins of government once more.

12. This joyful news made the wedding-day still more happy. Celia, who had not a spark of envy in her nature, was full of joy at the good fortune which had restored Rosalind and the Duke to their rightful place. Though she was no longer a great heiress, she had the love of Oliver, and that was all that she desired.

13. And so this pretty story ends with wedding

bells, wrongs righted, misdeeds forgiven, sins atoned for, and truth and loyalty rewarded. I am sure that the end of the story is just *As You Like It.*

19. SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS.

[The following songs are from *As You Like It.*]

I.

1. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

2. Who doth ambition* shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

* Eager desire to attain power, wealth, etc.

II.

3. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly ;
 Most friendship is feigning,* most loving mere
 folly :
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

4. Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh †
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp, ‡
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly ;
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
 folly :
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

* Pretence.

† Nearly to my heart.

‡ Shrink.

20. THE STORY OF FRANCIS BACON.—I.

1. You know that there were many other famous writers besides Shakespeare in the days of good Queen Bess. Perhaps there never was an age in which so many great books, both in prose and verse, were written. In Book III. I told you something about Edmund Spenser, Walter Raleigh, and Philip Sidney, and I have already mentioned Shakespeare's learned friend Ben Jonson. He wrote plays too, and little poems of wonderful sweetness and beauty. On his tomb in Westminster Abbey are these words : “O rare Ben Jonson !”

2. Shakespeare, you know, was born to humble estate ; he had very little schooling ; he went to no university, and in his youth, lived amongst tradesmen who knew little of the world of books. Let me now tell you about a writer of the greatest power and wisdom, whose conditions of life were the very opposite to those of Shakespeare. You are about to read the story of Francis Bacon, who has been called “the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.”

3. Little Francis Bacon was born three years before Shakespeare, and was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England—that is, the chief law officer in the



LOLD BACON.

(After the portrait by Paul von Somer in the National Portrait Gallery.)

kingdom. He first saw the light in York House, a noble dwelling in the Strand, London, and, as you may imagine, was brought up in the midst of splendour and luxury. His mother was a very well-educated lady, and at his father's table he met all the great men of the day, and listened, even in boyhood, to their wise and informing talk.

4. Francis Bacon was grave, thoughtful, and studious, even from his earliest years. He loved books far better than outdoor sports ; and an old story tells us that when a mere child he stole away from his fellows and went to a vault to try to discover the cause of a curious echo. When twelve years of age he turned his thoughts to sleight of hand, and wrote about the subject like a professor. Queen Elizabeth was very fond of him, and used to call him her “young Lord Keeper.”

5. He was only thirteen years of age when he went to Trinity College, Cambridge ; but he soon made his mark. He left the university three years later, and travelled to Paris, where he spent some time with the English ambassador, and sharpened his wits at the French court. Then he returned to London, and began to study law.

6. Before long he was regarded as one of the ablest young lawyers in the kingdom. When he was twenty-three years of age he entered Parliament.

He was then a richly-dressed youth with a round rosy face—a mere stripling amongst much older and more experienced men. Nevertheless, the House of Commons listened to his speeches with attention and delight. In a short time even his opponents knew that he possessed one of the greatest minds ever given to man.

7. At the opening of his career he made the mistake of living beyond his means, and thus hampered himself with debt and trouble. He was obliged to borrow from the Jews, and on one occasion was arrested because he could not pay his bills. His uncle was a chief minister of state, and might easily have given him an office of power and profit, but for many years he did nothing to help him.

8. Bacon therefore formed a friendship with the Earl of Essex, who was greatly in favour with Queen Elizabeth, and shortly afterwards was appointed one of the queen's counsel. Essex was very kind to the clever young lawyer, and gave him the estate of Twickenham Park. Under the spreading cedars of the park, Bacon used to enjoy his week-ends after his hard work in the hot and dusty law courts.

9. Soon, however, Essex got into trouble with his royal mistress. Bacon defended him with great skill, but in doing so offended the queen. When

Essex tried to raise a rebellion in London he was tried for his life, and Bacon did his share in bringing him to the scaffold. Some writers blame Bacon very much for this, and say that he was faithless and ungrateful. He seems, however, to have done what he could to save his generous friend.

10. During those busy and changeful years Bacon was busy writing his *Essays*—that is, his series of short papers on various subjects. These essays are so nobly written, and so full of deep thought, that they form one of the greatest books in our language.

11. Ten of the essays were published when Bacon was thirty-six years of age. Forty-eight others were afterwards added to the number, and Bacon spent much time in improving them, and in making them as nearly perfect as possible.

21. THE STORY OF FRANCIS BACON.—II.

1. When you are older you will read Bacon's *Essays* with great pleasure and profit, but they are too hard for you to understand at present. They deal with such subjects as Truth, Death, Religion, Revenge, Marriage, Envy, Love, Boldness, Goodness, and so forth. Here are some short sayings from the *Essays*; I should like you to learn them by heart:—



JAMES THE SIXTH OF SCOTLAND AND FIRST OF ENGLAND.
(From a portrait by Paul van Somer.)

2. "Reading maketh a full man, conference* a ready man, and writing† an exact man."

"Virtue is like a rich stone—best plain set."

"A man that is young in years may be old in hours if he has lost no time."

"Be true to thyself, as thou be not false to others."

"It is as natural to die as to be born."

"God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures."

3. "Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel."

"Knowledge is power."

"A man is but what he knoweth."

4. "Cleanness of body was ever deemed to proceed from a due reverence to God."

"Chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands."

"A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds."

5. You know that after the death of Queen Elizabeth, James the Sixth of Scotland became James the First of England. James was a scholar,

* Conversation.

† The habit of taking down notes.

and he loved scholars, so Bacon rose to great fame during his reign. In his fifty-seventh year he became Keeper of the Seals, like his father before him, and afterwards a peer and the chief judge of the kingdom.

6. Unhappily, he was charged with taking gifts from those who wished him to decide lawsuits in their favour, and was obliged to plead guilty. It was not uncommon in Bacon's time for judges to take gifts, but this does not excuse him. We can only feel deeply sorry that a man of such splendid gifts should have yielded to temptation. Bacon was removed from his high office, and spent his latter years in disgrace.

7. Before the day of his disgrace arrived he had written two works, which have perhaps done more for the comfort and blessing of mankind than almost any other books that have ever been written. I cannot now explain to you the meaning of these books. You must be content to know that Bacon first taught us clearly how to discover the secrets of nature, and how to make the forces of nature become the servants of man.

8. Learned men before Bacon's time did not much trouble themselves about discovering useful things. They were more concerned with words than with things. They thought that words and not things gave them the key to knowledge, and

they scorned to use their knowledge to help men in the daily business of life.

9. Let me try to explain the great change which Bacon brought about in the *object* of men's studies. If the scholars of old had come to a village in which smallpox was raging, they would have tried to prove to the people that the disease was not an evil but a blessing in disguise. In our days we should immediately try to find a means of preventing smallpox altogether.

10. Suppose an explosion in a mine had killed many colliers. The old scholars would have urged the sorrowing relatives to be brave, and bear their troubles with an even mind. We, on the other hand, should try to invent a safety lamp, and thus prevent similar loss of life for the future. We study to *do* things; the scholars of old studied to *say* things. It was Bacon who first clearly pointed out the new and better way.

11. We ought, therefore, to be grateful to Bacon, even though there was much in his life which we cannot admire. So vast were his powers of mind that some men say he was the writer of Shakespeare's plays. Very few people, however, hold this belief. In the next lesson you will read some of Bacon's verses, and when you are older you will know how far they fall below the poetry of Shakespeare.

22. THE NINETIETH PSALM.

1. O God, Thou art our home, to whom we fly,
 And so hast always been from age to age,
 Before the hills did intercept the eye,*
 Or that the frame was up of earthly stage.
 O God, Thou wert and art, and still shalt be :
 The line of time, it doth not measure thee.
2. Both death and life obey Thy holy lore,
 And visit in their turns as they are sent ;
 A thousand years with Thee, they are no more
 Than yesterday, which as it is, is spent ;
 Or like a watch by night, that course doth
 keep,
 And goes and comes unawares to them that
 sleep.
3. Thou carriest man away as with a tide ;
 Then down swim all his thoughts that
 mounted high,
 Much like a mocking dream that will not
 bide,
 But flies before the sight of waking eye ;
 Or as the grass that cannot term† obtain
 To see the summer come about again.

* Rose up to interrupt the view.

† Length of time.

4. Teach us, O Lord, to number well our days,
 Thereby our hearts to wisdom to apply ;
For that which guides man best in all his ways
 Is meditation of mortality.*
This bubble light, this vapour of our breath,
Teach us to consecrate† to hour of death.

FRANCIS BACON.

23. THE ISLAND OF BENSALEM.

1. In Book III. you read something of Sir Thomas More's fanciful country Utopia. Sir Thomas More pictured a land in which all the people were happy, wise, and good. He did this in order to make men realize how far England fell short of what it might be.

2. Now, Bacon was very anxious that England should possess a great college in which men might follow useful studies, and not waste their time in barren book-learning. In order to bring his ideas clearly and forcibly before the learned men of his day he wrote a story, and in it we find a picture of what a great school of learning ought to be.

3. Bacon tells us that a ship sailing from Peru to China was driven out of its course by contrary winds, and that it drifted on into an unexplored ocean far

* Thinking of that death which is sure to come to him.

(1,769)

† Make holy.

from any known land. One day, when all the food was consumed and the starving sailors were in despair, they saw on the horizon the dim outline of an island. Sailing towards it with all speed, they found themselves in the port of a fair city.

4. They were eager to land; but the officers of the city would not permit them to do so until they had sworn an oath that they were Christians and peaceful, honest men. When this was done, the sailors were allowed to go on shore, and were given food and shelter in the Strangers' House. The hungry and weary men were very kindly treated, and were shown the beautiful city, with its fine mansions, fair streets, and pleasant gardens. The name of the island was Bensalem.

5. One thing puzzled the visitors very much. They knew that the island was unknown to the rest of the world; yet they found that the rest of the world was very well known to the people of the island. Not only could they talk about all the countries of the world and speak their languages, but they knew all their latest inventions in machinery and discoveries in science. All this was very strange to the sailors, but they understood it when the governor of the city told them the story of the island.

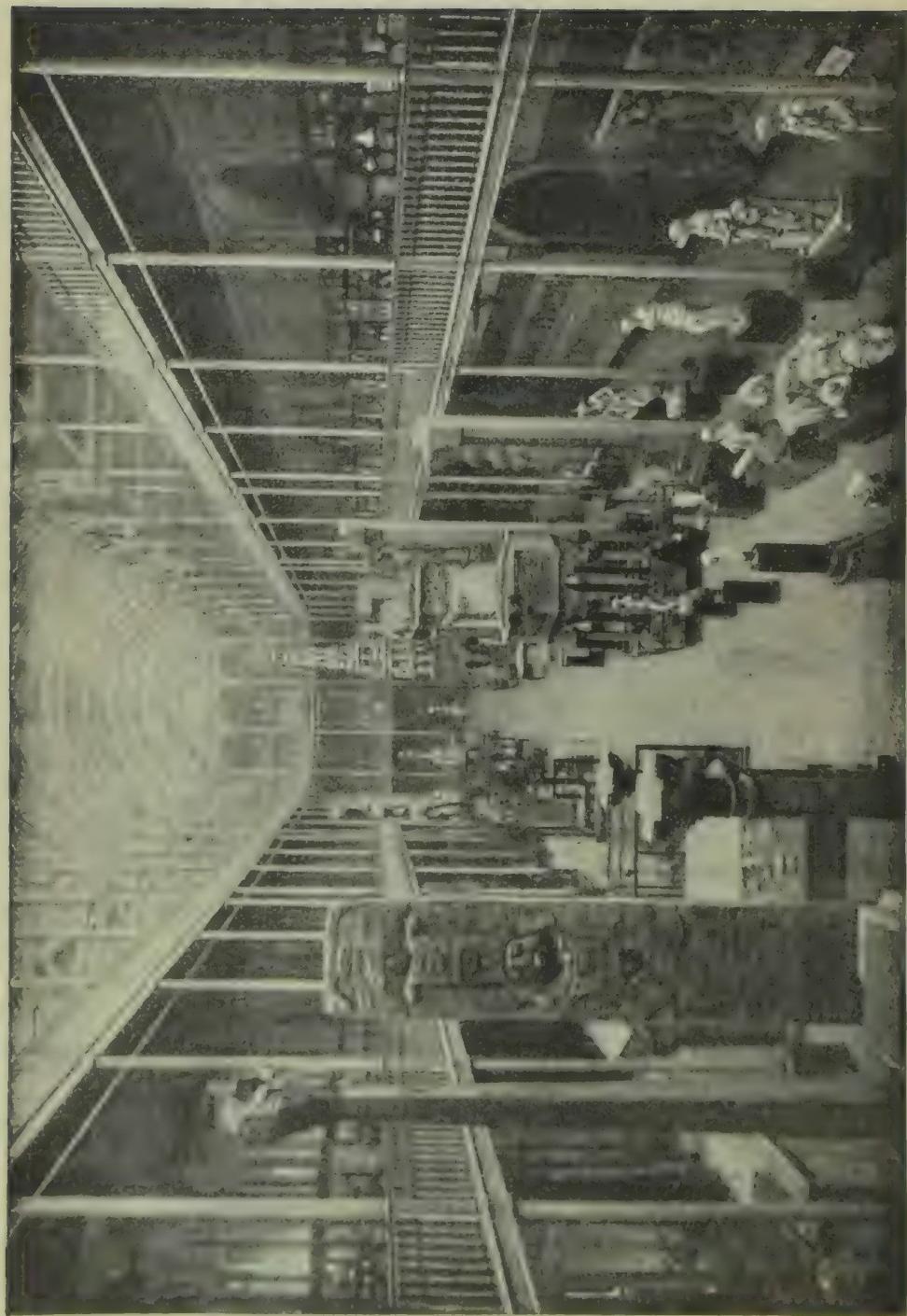
6. It appeared that some three thousand years ago Bensalem was renowned for its commerce: its

ships traded to all parts of the world, and brought back gold and jewels and merchandise. The Bensalemites, however, chiefly traded with the great country of Atlantis, which lay to the west, and was famous for its magnificent temples, palaces, and riches of all kinds.

7. Now, although the people of Atlantis were so rich and powerful they were not satisfied, but desired even greater riches and power. So they sent a great fleet and army to conquer the nations of Europe. What happened to this fleet and army no one knew. Not a single man returned to tell the tale.

8. Then the people of Atlantis tried to conquer the island of Bensalem, but they failed in this also. Because they were not content with their greatness and wealth, and sought to conquer other countries, a judgment was sent upon them. Their land was utterly blotted out. It passed entirely away from the memory of all men except the Bensalemites.

9. About a thousand years after the destruction of Atlantis a great king came to the throne of Bensalem. He was a very wise and thoughtful man, and he was most anxious to give the greatest possible happiness and prosperity to his kingdom. At last he came to the conclusion that the Bensalemites could not be any happier than they then were, so he decided to do everything in his power to



A MODERN MUSEUM.
[Bacon, in his *New Atlantis*, was the first writer to suggest a collection of interesting objects for study such as we find in a modern museum.]

preserve this happiness. He therefore forbade strangers to land on the island, and would not allow the natives to go abroad, for he believed that mixing with other peoples led to misery and trouble.

10. You can easily understand that if the Bensalemites were thus shut up in their own island, without any intercourse with other nations, they would soon grow indifferent to the welfare of other peoples. To prevent this, the king ordered that if ships came to the coast the crew and passengers were to be kindly received and well treated for a few days. If they wished to remain on the island for good they might do so, but they must never ask to return to their own country.

24. SOLOMON'S HOUSE.

1. In order to benefit his people the king ordered a great temple of learning to be built. It was known as Solomon's House, and in it knowledge of every kind was taught. The professors of this college were to visit other countries from time to time, for the purpose of learning all that they had to teach. They travelled abroad in disguise, and no one knew from whence they came. All the new discoveries and inventions of other countries were thus studied and brought back secretly to Bensalem.

You will notice that the only imports of this country consisted of knowledge.

2. The history of Bensalem interested the visitors very much, and they begged to be allowed to visit the House of Solomon, and to see for themselves some of the wonders which it contained. They examined the great and beautiful buildings, and learned to their surprise that the students were not hermits, but were all engaged in trying to preserve the health, happiness, and prosperity of the Bensalemites.

3. The rivers and lakes were under the control of the students, and they studied the fish and wild fowl which inhabited them. They sank wells to find mineral waters which would cure diseases. In the college there were great houses where artificial rain, snow, hail, and ice were produced, and the cold was used to preserve meats and fruits of all kinds. There were also certain rooms, called chambers of health, where the air was laden with scents which were good for the body.

4. Then there were orchards, and parks, and gardens, and in these all kinds of plants grew and all sorts of wild animals were preserved. The students of Solomon's House studied the plants and animals very closely.

5. There were also factories in which linen, paper, silks, velvets, dyes, and stuffs of all kinds were made.

There were houses for studying light, heat, sound, and motion, and rooms where precious stones, fossils, and minerals were collected. In the house of motion there were all kinds of boats, ships that could sail under water, and machines that could fly in the air.

6. In another place engines of war were collected, and here the students made explosives of all kinds. One house was set apart for the study of numbers, and another for the study of geometry, and in these houses there were the most perfect instruments that could be made.

7. On the mountains near at hand were high towers in which men studied the movements of the heavenly bodies, the strength and direction of the wind, the signs of change in the weather, and so forth. The students were thus able to tell the people when to expect tempests, earthquakes, plagues, and droughts, and what to do to preserve their lives and property. Deep in the mountains there were caves where the interior of the earth could be studied and new metals could be discovered.

8. Perhaps the visitors enjoyed most of all the great gallery in which there were specimens of every art known to the world. It was adorned with busts of all the great inventors—such as the inventor of music, the inventor of letters, the inventor of printing, and so on.

9. Now this college, in which men studied all the things that could bring happiness and prosperity to their fellow-men, was quite a new idea to the people of Bacon's time. Some of you may say, "Solomon's House is just like one of the great technical schools and museums which we can see any day in the cities of our own land." You are quite right. It was Bacon who first urged Englishmen to build colleges in which all sorts of useful arts could be studied, and museums in which interesting objects might be collected for the same purpose.

10. When you learn this, you will begin to understand wherein Bacon's greatness lies. The final words of his will have come true: "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to mine own country after some time is passed over."

25. JOHN MILTON.

1. Eight years before England lost Shakespeare she gained another great poet, who gave to our language some of the most exquisite and perfect verses ever written. This poet was John Milton, the son of a man who drew up contracts and other legal documents in Bread Street, Cheapside, London.



Milton at the Age of Twelve.

*(An imaginary portrait : from the picture by T. Newenham. By permission
of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co.)*

2. Young Milton was fortunate in his upbringing. His father loved poetry and music, and was able to give his son the very best education that the age could provide. Amongst other things his father taught him to love music. He had a tuneful voice, and early learned to play the organ. It was his great comfort and delight in the days of his sore affliction.

3. When Milton was twelve years of age he was sent to St. Paul's School, and was also taught at home by a tutor. Like Bacon, he was a grave, thoughtful, and most studious boy.

4. Later in his life he described Jesus Christ in the following lines :—

“ When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing ; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good ; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things.”

5. These lines exactly describe Milton as a boy. In spite of weak eyes and headaches, he studied with such eagerness that from his twelfth year onwards he scarcely ever closed his books before midnight.

6. He began to write poetry in his fifteenth year, and two years later was sent to Christ's College, Cambridge. Amongst his fellow-students he was

noted for the uprightness of his life. So sweet and refined was his face, and so delicate were his manners, that they nicknamed him "The Lady." Nevertheless, "The Lady" got into trouble with his tutor, and was "sent down" for a few weeks. He finally left Cambridge as a Master of Arts in his twenty-fourth year.

7. While he was at college Milton wrote several beautiful poems, and he now determined that poetry should be the work of his life. His father was wealthy, and there was no reason why he should be in a hurry to choose a profession. So he went to his father's beautiful country house at Horton in Buckinghamshire, and, amidst the fields and woods, gave himself up to study, in order that he might be able to write a really great poem.

8. No man ever prepared himself so nobly for this work as Milton. He believed that no man could write great verse unless his own life was a true poem. In order to be a great writer his life must be pure; his thoughts must be noble—he must live "as ever in my great Taskmaster's eye."

9. Milton, however, could not make up his mind as to the subject on which he was to write his great poem, so he practised himself in writing less important verses. One of these poems pictured the life of a gay, cheerful man, and another showed



Milton dictating "Samson Agonistes."

(From a painting by J. C. Horsley, R.A., F.R.S., in the
National Gallery of Art, Washington.)

the life of a serious, thoughtful man. He gave Italian titles to these poems. The gay poem is entitled *L'Allegro*; the serious poem, *Il Penseroso*.

10. When you are older you will read these poems and enjoy them very much. In the next lesson I shall give you an outline of the thoughts which they contain.

26. JOY AND SADNESS.

1. Milton begins *L'Allegro* by bidding Melancholy flee away and leave him to enjoy the sweet May breezes, the blue violets, and the fresh roses washed in dew. Then he calls upon the Goddess of Joy to come, and bring with her jokes and jests and mirthful tricks that will make him hold his sides with laughter.

2. She is to come to him with song and dance, and to let him be one of her mirthful company. In the morning he is to be waked up by the song of the lark and the crow of the cock, and he is to wander out to a hillside from which he can see the glory of sunrise.

3. There he will hear the ploughman whistling in the furrow, the milkmaid singing at her work, the mower whetting his scythe. He will watch the shepherd leading his flock to the pastures,

and rejoice in the beauty of the country, in the mountains, the trim meadows, the brooks and rivers. Above the trees he will see the towers of some great dwelling, and hard by a humble cottage, in which happy peasants sit at meat before going forth to labour in the fields.

4. Then comes evening when the day's work is done, when the merry bells ring, and youths and maids dance on the village green to the sound of music. When night falls, the cheerful man and his friends gather round the fireside, where they tell wondrous tales of the fairy queen and of Robin Goodfellow, who will sometimes thresh corn in the night for those who are friendly to him. With such simple pleasures the day ends, and the happy villagers retire to bed.

5. Then the cheerful man betakes himself to the town, and sees much to delight him there. He attends a tournament at which knights and barons strive for the smiles of the Queen of Love and Beauty, who awards the prize.

6. He goes to wedding feasts, and then to the theatre, where he sees one of Ben Jonson's plays, or hears,—

“Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.”

Then he tastes the joys of merry music, of

“ Notes, with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out.”

Such is the world to the cheerful man, and Milton ends his poem thus,—

“ These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth ! with thee I mean to live.”

7. In *Il Penseroso* Milton bids the sage and holy goddess of Melancholy come to him and drive away vain joys and idle follies. He will go into the country, too, but it will be at sunset, when all is still and solemn, when the stars are shining and the nightingale is singing.

8. His companion shall be a sober, staid nun, dressed in sad-coloured raiment and thinking only of the joys of heaven. He will not feast, but fast ; and he will withdraw himself from his fellow-men and think of serious things. He will hear the sad cry of the curlew, and will sit in a darkened room listening to the cricket on the hearth.

9. Then he will light his lamp and read his favourite books through the long silent night. He will read the deep, solemn thoughts of the great thinkers, tales of demons and wizards, and old sad stories that make the tears course down his cheeks.

In the daytime he will walk in groves as dark as twilight, and wander beside lonely brooks until the low murmur of the stream and the drowsy buzz of the bee lull him to sleep.

10. Sometimes he will visit a great church, and in "the dim religious light" gaze at the lofty roof, the old pillars, and the stained-glass windows. Then his heart will be deeply moved by the pealing organ and the voices of the choir singing "in service high and anthems clear." Thus he will feel himself lifted up from earth to heaven, and will feel the greatest of all earthly joys.

11. At last, when he is old and weary, he will bid farewell to the world, and retire to a hermit's cell, where he will study the stars on high and the herbs that grow around him. Milton ends the poem thus,—

"These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live."

27. "COMUS."—I.

1. The two poems which I described in Lesson 26 show us that Milton had not yet made up his mind whether his poetry was to be solemn and thoughtful, or cheerful and gay. You know that he was very

serious-minded by nature, and you will therefore not be surprised to learn that in later years all his poems and prose writings dealt with great and grave subjects.

2. Before, however, he settled down to this work he wrote a masque—that is, a kind of play—for a friend named Lord Brackley, who wished to give an entertainment in his castle garden at Ludlow. There is much beautiful poetry in this masque, and it contains some pleasing songs, which were set to music. The masque was performed chiefly by the young people who lived in the castle, but Milton himself played a part, and so did Lord Brackley.

3. Though Milton's play was intended to amuse people, there was no fun in it at all. It was really a serious play, showing that those who are good and pure in thought, word, and deed carry with them a charm which preserves them from the assaults of evil. This is really the same lesson which the story of Galahad teaches us: "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure." The masque is called *Comus*, from one of the principal characters in it. Let me tell you its story.

4. The scene opens in a wild wood. An attendant spirit appears and makes a long speech, telling us that he is the servant of Neptune, the god of oceans and rivers. Neptune loves this isle of Britain

CIRCE.

(From the picture by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Photo by F. Hollyer.)



because it is “the greatest and best on all the main,” and has therefore sent his spirits to protect its people from harm.

5. Now it happens that when the scene opens the two sons and the fair daughter of a great lord are journeying to their father’s castle at Ludlow. Before they can reach it they must pass through the mazes of a thick wood in which a great danger awaits them. The spirit who is speaking has been commanded to guard the young people, and to bring them safely to their home.

6. What was the great danger which threatened the young men and the maiden in the wood? In Book I. you read the story of Ulysses. Once in the course of his wanderings he came to an isle in which there dwelt a sorceress named Circe. She carried a cup of drugged wine in her hand, and this she offered to all who came to see her. Those who drank of her cup were instantly turned into swine, and they remained in that state all their lives.

7. Now, this Circe had a son named Comus, who had wandered far from his mother’s isle, and had taken up his abode in the very wood through which the young people were then passing.

8. Comus was a far greater magician than his mother had been. He offered his drugged wine to all travellers who passed by, just as Circe did;

but those who tasted it were changed, not wholly but partly, into wolves, boars, hogs, goats, or other animals. Unlike Circe's swine, they still thought themselves men or women, and they did not know that their bodies and minds had been degraded. All those who drank of the cup remained with Comus, and lived coarse, foul lives.

9. The attendant spirit was afraid that the young people who were travelling through the wood might meet Comus and be persuaded to drink of his cup. Then they would be lost, and their parents would never see them again. To prevent this, the attendant spirit puts on the dress of a shepherd, and in this guise watches over the young people.

10. Comus now enters with his magic wand in one hand and a cup of drugged wine in the other. With him comes a crowd of men and women with the heads or paws or bodies of wild beasts. They carry torches in their hands, and behave in a noisy and unruly manner.

11. Comus makes a speech, and tells them that night has come and their revelry can therefore begin. He bids them dance round him in a ring, and they do so. Suddenly he commands them to break off. By his magic he knows that some pure and good person is drawing nigh. Instantly he determines to make the stranger join his hideous band.

He bids his followers hide themselves in the thickest part of the wood, and then puts on the dress of a villager so that he may the better deceive the wayfarer.

28. "COMUS."—II.

1. At this moment a lady appears. She tells us that she is travelling through the wood with her two brothers, but has become so hungry and weary that she has rested beneath a tree, while her companions have gone to seek berries and cooling fruit to refresh her. They have been away so long that she fears they have gone astray in the darkness.

2. Hearing the noise of revelry, she has hurried to this spot in the hope that one of the merry-makers will guide her to a place of safety. She is not afraid of harm, because she puts her trust in Heaven ; but what shall she do to make her whereabouts known ? She cannot shout, but if she sings, her brothers may perhaps hear her, and be guided to her by the sound of her voice. So she sings a pretty song.

3. Comus hears the lady's song and hurries towards her. He has never heard such beautiful singing before, and he is charmed with it. "I'll speak to her," he says, "and she shall be my queen." So he comes forward, and the lady thinks

that he is a villager. He learns her story, and offers to lead her to a cottage where she can rest in safety. The lady agrees to go with him, and together they disappear in the darkness.

4. Meanwhile the two brothers are wandering in the "double night," caused by the darkness and the dense shade of the trees. There is no moon, and not even a rushlight in a cottage window to guide them. The younger brother fears that some dreadful evil has overtaken his sister, but the elder brother is quite sure that her own goodness will keep her safe from harm.

5. While they are talking they hear a shout, and the attendant spirit, dressed like their father's shepherd, appears and tells them that their sister is in the hands of the foul magician Comus. The younger brother is in despair; but the elder brother comforts him, and assures him that a good angel will guard their sister from all evil. Then they hasten to her rescue.

6. The scene changes to a stately palace. The tables are spread with all sorts of dainties, and soft music sounds. Comus appears with his train of followers, and leads the astonished lady to an enchanted chair. Then he offers her his cup of drugged wine; but she pushes it aside and tries to rise from her seat, but cannot do so.

7. Comus again begs her to drink of his cup and taste the pleasures which he has prepared for her; but she again refuses, and calls him a false traitor, because he has promised to lead her to a cottage, and has brought her instead to this dreadful house. Comus pleads with her, but nothing that he says can make her yield.

8. Just as he is about to force her to drink the drugged wine the two brothers, with their swords drawn, burst into the hall. They wrest the bowl of wine from his hands and dash it to the ground. His hideous throng try to fight with the brothers, but they are easily driven off. Then it is seen that Comus has escaped, taking with him his magic wand.

9. The brothers now bid their sister come with them. Alas, she cannot rise from the enchanted chair, but sits there fixed and motionless. At this moment the attendant spirit appears. He tells the brothers that they should have snatched the wizard's wand from him, and should have used it to free the lady.

10. What is to be done? Suddenly the spirit remembers that the goddess Sabrina, who watches over the river Severn, knows of a charm which will remove the magician's spell. She is a kind goddess and loves maidens. He will beseech her to come and release the hapless lady. He does so in a song,—

“ Listen for dear Honour’s sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save.”

11. The goddess does listen. Attended by her water nymphs, she appears, and sprinkles drops of pure Severn water on the lady’s finger-tips, and lays her cool hand on the magic chair. Immediately the spell is broken and the maiden is free. Then the attendant spirit bids the young people fly from the palace, and tells them that they are not far from their father’s house. All their friends are gathered together ready to rejoice with song and dance at their home-coming.

12. Immediately the scene changes to Ludlow Castle. As the brothers and the lady appear, loud shouts of rejoicing are heard. The shepherds and milkmaids sing happy songs and dance merry country dances.

13. While the children are clasped in their parents’ arms the attendant spirit points the moral of the play,—

“ Mortals that would follow me,
 Love Virtue: she alone is free.
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime;
 Or, if Virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.”

29. THE BLIND POET

1. Milton's mother died three years after *Comus* was written. Then the poet said "good-bye" to Horton, and went on his travels. Before he set out a friend advised him to keep his thoughts shut up, and his eyes open. Milton followed this advice to the letter. He was absent from England for fifteen months, and during that time travelled through France and Italy. In the great cities of these lands he met many scholars, and had much grave and learned talk with them.

2. When he returned to England he settled down in London, and became a schoolmaster. His scholars were the sons of his friends, and to these boys he poured out the treasures of his wonderful mind.

3. Now at this time the Puritans, about whom you will read in your history book, were growing in numbers and in power every day. They hated the idea of Church government by bishops, and they disliked many of the forms and ceremonies of the Reformed Church of England.

4. Milton was a strong Puritan, and he threw himself eagerly into the wordy strife which was then going on. He wrote many important tracts on Church government, and opposed with great force and learning those who held contrary opinions.

For a time he gave up poetry altogether, and devoted himself to this work.

5. In his thirty-fifth year he made a hasty and somewhat unhappy marriage. His wife was Mary Powell, the daughter of a Royalist. She was only seventeen years of age, and was of a gay and sprightly disposition. Milton, on the other hand, was a grave, serious scholar, who seldom smiled and never made a joke. In a month his wife left him and returned to her father's house, where she remained for two years.

6. By this time the Civil War had begun. It ended, as you know, in the execution of the king, and the setting up of a Commonwealth under Oliver Cromwell. In the course of the war Mary Milton's father, who was on the king's side, lost his property, and found it necessary to seek the friendship of his daughter's husband.

7. One day Mary rushed into Milton's room, flung herself on her knees, and begged his forgiveness. It was at once granted, and thenceforward Mary lived with her husband to the day of her death. She brought with her all the members of her family, and Milton generously gave them house-room and protection.

8. Milton's father died three months later, leaving him a small fortune. He then gave up his school,

and devoted himself to the work of writing tracts and books in defence of the Commonwealth. As a reward, Cromwell made him Latin Secretary to the Council of State, and gave him a salary equal to £900 a year of our money. After this he wrote several important books in reply to those published by the late king's friends.

9. His wife died in the year 1653, and this loss was soon followed by a terrible affliction. For years his eyes had been growing weaker and weaker, now he became stone blind. Thus, at the age of forty-five, he found himself a blind and widowed man, with the charge of three little daughters.

10. Three years before his death he wrote a splendid poem on the subject of Samson, and in it he described Samson's blindness as only a blind man could do,—

“O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon.”

To most men such an affliction would have meant an end to all the labours of life. Milton, however, worked on, and in the midst of his blindness gave to the world his greatest poems.

11. While the Commonwealth lasted, Milton was held in honour and esteem. When, however, a king once more reigned in England, evil days began for him. He had defended all the acts of the Com-

monwealth, and had said many harsh and bitter things about the late king. He now feared that his old enemies would take vengeance on him, so he hid in a friend's house till all danger had passed. Two of his books were burned by the hangman, and this was all the injury which he suffered.

30. "PARADISE LOST."

1. Now begins the last chapter of Milton's life. He was no longer the admired writer, the friend of statesmen and scholars, with high place and a comfortable income. He was now poor, lonely, neglected, and blind, yet in his suffering he saw sublime and holy visions which he set forth in majestic verse.

2. He lived in a humble dwelling in a suburb of London. On sunny days he sat at the door of his house, turning his sightless eyes to the sky which he could no longer see, but thanking God that he could still hear the songs of the birds and smell the sweet scents of the flowers, and, above all, console himself with the lofty thoughts of an unclouded mind.

3. When the Great Plague broke out in London, Milton went to live in a cottage at Chalfont in Buckinghamshire, and here he occupied himself in



Milton at Chalfont.

(From the picture by A. L. Vernon. By permission of Mr. Francis Hartshorne.)

dictating to one of his daughters the greatest of all his poems—*Paradise Lost*.

4. One day he handed to a friend a bundle of papers, and bade him take them home and read what was written on them. The friend read the papers, and returned them with many words of praise. Then he said: “Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what of Paradise Found?” This question led Milton to write another great poem, *Paradise Regained*.

5. *Paradise Lost* tells us the story of Adam’s fall, and the expulsion of our first parents from the Garden of Eden. The greatest figure in the poem is Satan, who tempts Eve to eat the fruit of the forbidden tree, and thus brings sin into the world.

6. *Paradise Regained* shows Satan still warring with goodness; but now, shorn of most of his power and obliged to use malice and cunning as his weapons, Satan tempts our Lord to sin, but fails, and is obliged to own himself defeated. Then he feels the greatest grief that he has ever known since the day when he and the fallen angels were driven from heaven.

7. When Milton returned to London he sold *Paradise Lost* to a publisher for £5, with the promise of another £5 for each edition that should afterwards be published. The first edition appeared in 1667 and the second in 1674, the year of Milton’s

death. Thus, £10 was all that he received for this majestic poem, which has been a source of profit and pleasure to millions of readers. In 1671 *Paradise Regained* and *Samson* were published. These were Milton's last poetical works.

8. The close of Milton's life was calm and peaceful, though his undutiful daughters gave him some trouble. His third wife, however, cared for him tenderly, and atoned in some degree for their unkindness.

9. A writer of the time tells us how Milton spent his declining years. He retired to rest every night at nine, and awoke at four in summer and at five in winter. If he was not then disposed to rise, he had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him. After he had dressed, a chapter of the Hebrew Bible was read to him. From the breakfast hour until noon he gave himself up to study.

10. When he had dined he took some exercise for an hour—generally by swinging himself in a chair—and afterwards played on the organ or the bass viol. Sometimes he sang, or made his wife sing. He used to say that she had a good voice but no ear. Then he resumed his studies till six in the evening, from which hour until eight he conversed with the friends who came to see him. After a light supper he smoked a pipe of tobacco, drank a glass of water, and retired to rest.



Christian at the Foot of the Cross.

(A scene from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," from the painting by H. C. Selous.
By permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co.)

11. In this calm, orderly manner the last days of the blind old poet were spent. Gradually his health began to fail ; his old enemy gout was wearing him away, and for months he knew that his end was near. He died on the morning of Sunday, November 8, 1674, and was buried by the side of his father in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate. Six years later his coffin was broken open and his bones were removed, no man knows whither.

31. THE BLIND BOY.

1. O say what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
What are the blessings of the sight ?
O tell your poor blind boy !
2. You talk of wondrous things you see ;
You say the sun shines bright :
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or * make it day or night ?
3. My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play ;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

* Either.

4. With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe ;
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know.
5. Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy ;
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy.

COLLEY CIBBER (1671-1757).

32. THE INSPIRED TINKER.

1. When I was a boy you could scarcely find a respectable home in the whole kingdom without a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress." No English book has been so often printed or so frequently translated into foreign languages. It has been read and enjoyed by high and low, rich and poor, sage and simple. Great artists have been inspired to paint the scenes described in it, and many of its words and phrases have become woven into our everyday speech.

2. Now perhaps you think that the author of this wonderful book was a great scholar who had been bred up amongst books and learned men, and had studied at a university like Bacon or Milton.

You are quite wrong. John Bunyan, the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," was the son of a tinker, and he himself followed the same trade until he reached manhood.

3. He was born in a little house at the village of Elstow, near Bedford. His parents, though poor, were wise enough to send him to school, where he learned reading and writing, but very little else. He was almost entirely self-taught, and he never had much book learning. There was, however, one book which he knew from cover to cover, and that was the Bible.

4. Now, you must always remember that the English Bible, as we read it to-day, is the greatest work of literature which we possess. It was first given to the world in the days of James the First, but it was not the work of one man or one set of men; it grew up during eighty years like a noble cathedral. No one can read the Bible without being struck by the simple, direct, noble, and poetical language in which God's message is given to us.

5. A great writer says that, if every other book were to be destroyed, the Bible alone would be sufficient to show the beauty and power of our English tongue. One of the greatest of British orators said that he learnt the art of speaking in plain, forceful language from the Bible and Shake-

peare. Bunyan did not study Shakespeare, but he studied the Bible as few men have done. He also studied the human heart, and out of this knowledge wrote his famous book.

6. Bunyan tells us that as a young man he was a thoroughly wicked fellow. We must not, however, judge him by his own measure. In the days when he was a deeply religious man he looked back on his youth, and many things which do not appear very wicked to us seemed to him black sins. He tells us that he was given to lying and swearing, and that amongst his other faults were bell-ringing, dancing, and playing at hockey on Sundays.

7. At the age of nineteen he married a young woman who was as poor as himself. He tells us that they had “neither dish nor spoon betwixt them.” The young wife, however, brought to her humble home two religious books in which she found great comfort. She lent them to her husband, who read them, and was persuaded to go with her to church. One day, when he was cursing and swearing at a neighbour, a woman rebuked him, and this made him so ashamed of himself that he began to read the Bible and to live a better life. Soon he was a new man, full of zeal, and eager to preach the glad tidings of great joy to all people.

8. About 1653 he joined the Baptists, and three

years later began to preach in the Bedfordshire villages. He spoke so simply, so plainly, so earnestly, and so powerfully, that the people flocked in crowds to hear him. In those days men were not allowed by the government to preach or teach any religion but that of the State. Attempts were, therefore, made to prevent Bunyan from preaching, but in vain.

9. Five months after King Charles the Second came to the throne, Bunyan was seized just as he was beginning to preach, and was brought before a judge on the charge of holding an unlawful religious meeting. He was confined in Bedford Jail, where he remained for nearly twelve years.

10. While Bunyan was in jail his wife and four children supported themselves by making boot-laces, which he tagged and was allowed to sell at the door of his prison. There he stood on fine days with his blind daughter by his side, and many of the townsfolk, moved by pity, not only bought his laces but cheered him with kindly words.

11. His jailer also treated him well, and allowed him to use pens, ink, and paper. In 1672 the prisoner was released, and he remained at liberty for three years. It was during this period that he wrote his great book.

12. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is an allegory. I



JOHN BUNYAN.

(After the portrait by Sadler.)

explained this term to you in Book III., and told you something about two other great allegories—Langland's *Vision of Piers Plowman*, and Spenser's *Fairy Queen*. The “Pilgrim’s Progress” describes a journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, and in this way shows the life of man. The trials and temptations which assail us, the vices which lead us astray, the virtues that make us strong and able to resist sin, are all represented by living persons.

13. The chief character is Christian, who sets out on his journey with other pilgrims, some of whom turn back, while others lose their way or disappear in the snares and pitfalls which the Evil One has prepared for them. Christian begins his journey with a heavy burden of sin, but the burden falls off at the foot of the Cross, long before his journey’s end.

14. The book is written in the simple language of everyday talk, and it shows us that a man may write the best of English without using long and difficult words. Some of the pages do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet by the use of these plain, homely, simple words Bunyan puts the noblest and most beautiful thoughts into our minds, and moves our hearts to deep sorrow and joy. The “Pilgrim’s Progress” is the greatest alle-

gory ever written. Just as Shakespeare is the first of our playwrights, so Bunyan is the first of all writers of allegory.

15. In the last year of his prison life Bunyan was appointed pastor of the Baptist Church at Bedford. When he was at last set free he found that his writings and his sufferings had made him famous throughout England. For sixteen years he wrote and preached, and became the head of the Baptist Church. He composed several other allegories, but none of them equalled the "Pilgrim's Progress."

16. Bunyan met his death when engaged on an errand of mercy. A son had given his father great offence, and there was enmity between them. Bunyan set himself to bring father and son together, and with this object he rode many miles in the drenching rain. When his good work was done he returned to London, and was suddenly struck down with fever, the result of cold and fatigue. Ten days later he died. His last words were, "Take me, for I come to Thee."

17. He lies buried in Bunhill burying-ground, where his tomb may still be seen. A beautiful window has been erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

33. JOHN DRYDEN.

1. JOHN is a Christian name of great renown in the story of our English writers. You have already heard of three Johns who have written their names high on the scroll of fame—John Gower, John Milton, and John Bunyan. You are now to read of a fourth John—John Dryden. When Milton was sinking into his grave, Dryden was rising into notice as his successor amongst the poets of the age.

2. Dryden resembled Milton in having a father of sufficient means to give him the best education which the country afforded. He was sent to Westminster School, but, except that he wrote a poetical lament on a schoolfellow who had died, we know little of his boyhood.

3. His headmaster was Dr. Busby, who was a great teacher, but over-fond of using the rod. He used to boast that he had flogged no fewer than sixteen of the bishops who then sat in the House of Lords. From this you may gather that his school sent forth some of the most eminent men in England.

4. From Westminster Dryden proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained seven years. Like Bacon and Milton before him, he had no love for his university, though for a different reason: he preferred Royalist Oxford to Puritan Cambridge.

5. Though a Royalist at heart, Dryden did not show his colours during the years when the king was in exile. His first important poem, which was written in the year following the death of Oliver Cromwell, heaped the highest possible praise on the late Protector, both as a lover of peace and as a man of war. This poem was full of faults, but it showed that the writer had powers which would some day make him a master of verse.

6. Two years later Charles the Second regained the throne of his fathers, and Dryden immediately wrote a poem in which he hailed the king as “the returned star,” and flattered him far beyond his deserts.

7. At the death of his father, Dryden found himself with an income of about £200 a year of our money, and as this was not enough for his needs, he was compelled to take to literature as a profession.

8. In his thirty-second year he married a daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and lived for three or four years in her father’s country house at Charlton. It is doubtful whether his marriage was a happy one, but there is no doubt that his wife’s relatives and friends were useful in helping him to place and fortune.

9. Dryden now began to write for the stage, which in those days offered more rewards than

any other branch of literature. His first play was a failure, but the second was very popular, and Dryden became the leading playwright of his time. A few years later he undertook to provide the players at the King's House with all the pieces which they needed. By this means he added largely to his income.

10. During fourteen years he wrote some twenty-eight plays, and nothing else. Most of them are now forgotten, and are only read by students. Dryden knew that he was wasting his time in this work, but the state of his purse compelled him to write for bread rather than for fame.

11. While he was writing plays he found time to compose a poem called the *Wonderful Year*. The year 1666 was the wonderful year. It was the year of the Great Fire in London, and of the Dutch War, about which you will read in your history book. Dryden wrote a poem on these and many other events, and the work did much to make his genius known. The finest passages in the poem are those which describe the progress of the fire and the rebuilding of London.

12. Eight years later he was made Poet Laureate and Royal Historian, and these offices not only brought him money, but marked him out as the first man of letters of his day.



JOHN DRYDEN.
(After the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.)

34. ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

1. When he was fifty years of age Dryden gave up play-writing, and began to write on political affairs. You will remember that at one period of his life John Milton gave himself up to the work of writing tracts, in which he defended the acts of Cromwell and the Commonwealth. Dryden now occupied himself in the same way, except that he wrote in verse and not in prose.

2. His first poem of this kind was called *Absalom and Achitophel*, after the names of the two leading characters. Absalom, you will remember, was the rebellious son of King David, and Achitophel was his evil counsellor. All the other characters in Dryden's poem have Biblical names, but they stand for persons who were then living or had not been long dead. David, for example, was Charles the Second, Absalom was the Duke of Monmouth, Achitophel was the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Saul was Oliver Cromwell.

3. The story of the poem is as follows: Achitophel tries to stir up Absalom to rebel against his father. At first Absalom refuses, because his father has been set on the throne by God Himself, and because he has done nothing to forfeit his crown.

4. Achitophel then persuades Absalom to insist

that he shall be his father's heir, and this the young man agrees to do. The scheme, however, is thwarted and Absalom is banished. The poem closes with a speech by David, in which he thanks Heaven for preserving his throne, and offers to pardon Absalom.

5. Now, if you know the history of the time, you will at once see that the Bible story almost exactly represents events which were then taking place in England. A strong party in the country wished to prevent James Duke of York from coming to the throne after the death of his brother Charles the Second.

6. James was a Roman Catholic, and most of the people were Protestants. Some of them, led by the Earl of Shaftesbury, preferred the Duke of Monmouth, who was a Protestant, as their future king. How Shaftesbury's party was foiled and James the Second came to the throne is a matter of history, which you can read for yourself.

7. Dryden was in favour of James, and he wrote his poem to bring contempt on those who supported Monmouth. Almost every line contains a bitter taunt, which aroused his opponents to frenzy. They brought Dryden to trial on a charge of treason, but the jury refused to find him guilty, and his friends were so delighted that they had a medal struck with the words in Latin, "We Rejoice."

8. Works such as *Absalom and Achitophel*, written with the object of pouring ridicule on people or of abusing them and their acts or opinions, are known as satires. Dryden was the greatest master of satire that the English language has ever known. In after years he wrote two other satires, but they are much inferior in poetry and in wit to *Absalom and Achitophel*.

9. One of the satires attacked a wretched fellow-poet named Shadwell. Here are a few lines of this satire. From them you will be able to judge how bitterly Dryden could write about those who offended him:—

“ Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity ;
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.”

10. Dryden was fond of writing in this form of verse. You will notice that every line has five feet, and that every pair of lines ends in a rhyme. The poet Pope, about whom you will read in a later lesson, wrote these “rhyming couplets” to perfection.

11. For his poems in defence of the Church and the Crown Dryden was given an office in the Customs. No doubt this post was well worth having,

but we do not know its value. When James the Second came to the throne, Dryden, who had formerly defended the Church of England with great zeal, became a Roman Catholic, and soon after wrote a poem praising the Church of Rome.

12. When James fled from the country and William of Orange became king, Dryden lost his offices, and was reduced to poverty. Shadwell became Poet Laureate in his stead, and this, as you may imagine, was the bitterest blow of all.

13. Dryden was now fifty-eight years of age, and he had to make a fresh start in life. He turned to his old love—the stage—and he made verse translations of the Latin and Greek poets, which were very popular. Soon afterwards he wrote *Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music*, one of the most beautiful poems in the English language. It is an ode—that is, a long and elaborate song. Some day you will read it with much pleasure.

14. Dryden published one more book, and then came the end. On April 30, 1700, a newspaper announced that “John Dryden, Esq., the famous poet, lies a-dying.” He passed away on May 1, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, worn out by hard work and intemperate living. He lies buried beneath a modest monument in Poets’ Corner, Westminster Abbey.

35. THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made ;
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring ;
Everything did banish moan
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast against a thorn,
And there sung the dolefullest ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
Teru, teru, by and by ;
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
—Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None take pity on thy pain ;
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee ;
King Pandion,* he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead ;

* In an ancient fable Pandion was the father of Philomela, who was changed into a nightingale.

All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alone will pity me.

R. BARNEFIELD (1574-1627).

36. THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

1. I do not suppose that there is a single boy or girl in this class who has not heard of "Robinson Crusoe." For more than two hundred years the book has been eagerly read by millions of people, and with young folks it is just as popular as ever it was. Those who have not read the book are to be pitied. Let me advise them to make the acquaintance of Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday as soon as possible.

2. Now I am sure you would like to know something of the man who wrote this wonderful book. His name was Daniel Defoe, and he was the son of a butcher who lived in that London parish in which Milton was buried. We know very little about his early life, except that he went to a school in which youths were trained to become dissenting ministers.

3. Shakespeare tells us that "one man in his time plays many parts." This is especially true of Defoe. It is said that as a young man he fought with Monmouth, and that after the battle of Sedgemoor he was obliged to go into hiding in order to escape the hangman's rope.

4. When the danger was past he came out of hiding, and set up as a dealer in hosiery. He was, however, so fond of politics, and gave so much of his time to writing political tracts, that his business failed and he became a bankrupt. This forced him to go into hiding again.

5. After a time Defoe made an arrangement with his creditors, and returned to London, where he wrote many papers in defence of King William's government. Before long he was considered the best political writer in the country. In stating his case, and in answering his opponents, he went straight to the point, and was never afraid to say what he thought. He kept the attention of his readers, and his arguments were powerful. Above all, he wrote clear and graceful English.

6. Defoe's articles were printed in the form of pamphlets. Usually he wrote in prose, but sometimes in verse. One of his songs, *The True-born Englishman*, was so popular that it gained him the favour of King William, who gave him a post,



DANIEL DEFOE.

which he held for five years. When he lost this post he again went into business as the manager of a brick and tile factory. He was so successful that he made money, and was able to set up a coach and a pleasure boat. I am glad to tell you that he also paid off most of his debts.

7. In spite of this success, Defoe could not tear himself away from political writing. One of the papers which he wrote about this time got him into serious trouble. He was brought to trial for libel. His judges found him guilty ; his paper was burned by the hangman ; he was imprisoned and fined, and ordered to stand three times in the pillory. When, however, he was placed in the pillory his friends gathered round him, protected him from harm, cheered him, and sang songs in his honour.

8. During his imprisonment Defoe kept on writing. In the year of his release he started a newspaper, which he continued to edit for nine years. You and I can hardly think of a world without newspapers ; they are always with us, morning, noon, and night, and their name is legion. But when Defoe was born there was no such thing as a regular newspaper in the whole of England.

9. The *London Gazette*, the first regular newspaper, was not issued until Defoe was four years of age. It was only a single sheet, and it did not appear

very often, but it was thought to be a very wonderful thing. Defoe's newspaper appeared in 1704, and after James the Second ran away numerous other papers were started. They were only issued once a week or once a fortnight, and they cost as much as sevenpence or eightpence a copy.

10. Nowadays our papers are brimming over with news gathered from all corners of the globe. If you look at the word NEWS, you will notice that it is made up of the initial letters of the words north, east, west, and south, as if to show us that the word means information gathered from every part of the world. By railway, steamship, telegraph, and telephone we learn within a few hours what is going on in almost all countries.

11. In Defoe's time there were no such means of communication. You can easily understand that he found it very hard to get sufficient news to fill his newspaper even once a week. Defoe's paper was largely filled up with essays on all sorts of subjects. Many of these essays were very well written, for Defoe had plenty of time to do his work carefully and thoroughly.

12. Later on, we find Defoe acting as a secret agent for the Government. He was sent to Scotland to persuade the Scottish people to agree to a union

with England, and afterwards he travelled on government business in various parts of England. In time, however, his friends were driven from power, and he lost his employment, and barely escaped another term of imprisonment.

13. Defoe was now fifty-five years of age, and he had made nothing of his life, so he determined to give up politics and to devote himself to writing works which would simply amuse his readers.

14. Now about this time he read in a book of voyages an account of Alexander Selkirk, a sailor of Largo in Fifeshire, who had joined a crew of pirates and had sailed with them to distant parts of the world. After a time he quarrelled with his mates, and was put ashore by them on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, off the west coast of South America. Here he remained in solitude for five years. Defoe took this story and made it the basis of his most famous and enduring book—"Robinson Crusoe."

15. Towards the end of his life fortune smiled on Defoe. He grew rich and lived in grand style, but somehow his affairs again got into confusion, and he had to go into hiding once more. He died in a humble lodging in his seventieth year, and was buried in the cemetery where Bunyan lies.

37. ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

[Verses supposed to be written by him during his solitary abode on a desert island.]

1. I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude ! * where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

2. I am out of humanity's † reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech—
 I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference ‡ see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

3. Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial, § endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.

* State of being alone. † Mankind's. ‡ Without interest or fear.

§ Hearty.

My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

4. How fleet is the glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-wingèd arrow of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But, alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.
5. But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800.)

38. THE SPECTATOR.

1. We are now to read of a man who wrote the most graceful, easy, and witty essays in all English

literature. His name was Joseph Addison, and he was born in a Wiltshire rectory when Defoe was twelve years of age. He was educated at the Charterhouse, a great London school which has given us some of our most famous writers.

2. In those days boys spent much of their time in reading Latin and Greek books and in making Latin verses. Joseph Addison was an excellent scholar, and the Latin verses which he wrote at school were specially good. A schoolfellow named Dick Steele, a gay, mischievous Irish boy, also wrote good Latin verses, and he and Addison struck up a friendship which was almost lifelong.

3. At fifteen years of age Addison went to Oxford, where his Latin verses gained him a scholarship. Some of them were published before he left the university, and were highly praised. His name is still remembered in Oxford, for if you visit the city you will be shown “Addison’s Walk” in a pretty wood round which wander two branches of the river Cherwell.

4. In his twenty-second year Addison wrote an account in verse of the greatest English poets, and addressed a short poem to Dryden, who was greatly pleased with the young scholar’s praise, and afterwards showed him much friendship.

5. It was Dryden who introduced him to the

chief writers of the day and to the booksellers, who were then the publishers. Addison was also made known to some of the leading men in the Government, and they persuaded him to use his pen on their behalf. He wrote poems in praise of King William, and of the peace which had just been concluded. In return for his services he was awarded a pension in order that he might enlarge his mind by travelling abroad.

6. For four years Addison went to and fro on the Continent, seeing many lands and meeting many famous people. During his travels he wrote several works, one of them a tragedy, entitled *Cato*. When King William died in 1702, and Addison's friends were driven from office, his pension was stopped, and his travels came to an end.

7. He returned to London, and was so poor that he had to live in a shabby lodging up three flights of stairs. His friends, however, kept an eye on him, and one of them recommended him to the Prime Minister of the day, who asked him to write an ode on the great victory which Marlborough had just won at Blenheim. Addison at once set to work, and wrote a poem which greatly pleased the public and made the Government very popular.

8. For this poem Addison was rewarded with an office of profit, and shortly afterwards was made an



JOSEPH ADDISON.
(After the portrait by Michael Dahl.)

Under-Secretary of State. He then entered parliament, and though he broke down when he tried to speak, he retained his seat to the end of his life.

9. In his thirty-sixth year he went to Ireland as Secretary to the Viceroy, and here he met the great Irish writer, Dean Swift, of whom we shall read in a later lesson. Addison's stay in Ireland was brief, for his friend, the Prime Minister, had to resign next year, and then Addison lost his secretaryship.

10. Now, while Addison was in Ireland, his friend, Dick Steele, was editing a London paper called the *Tatler*. It appeared three times a week, and was full of light, pleasant essays on men and manners. Addison had already written some essays for the *Tatler*, and he now joined Steele and worked with him on the paper. In the two years during which it existed, Steele wrote one hundred and eighty-eight of the chief articles, and Addison forty-two.

11. The *Tatler* was a great success, and I must tell you why. People no longer flocked to the theatre in their leisure hours, and there were no novels for them to read. Men found their chief amusement in meeting together for social talk at the clubs.

12. There were clubs everywhere, and of all kinds, and those men who did not belong to a club went regularly every day to the coffee-houses in

order to meet their friends and acquaintances. It was an age of talk, and people chatted on every topic under the sun, chiefly on light and trivial matters. Learning was considered old-fashioned, and the fops and great ladies of the time were not ashamed to boast themselves quite ignorant of books.

13. Addison and Steele set themselves to better this state of things. They did it by making the *Tatler*, and its greater successor, the *Spectator*, so bright, chatty, witty, and interesting, that the fashionable men and women who read the paper at the club or the coffee-house seemed to be listening to the best talk that they had ever heard in their lives.

14. The *Spectator*, which was started in the year 1711, pretended that it was nothing but the mouth-piece of a fashionable club. To this imaginary club belonged a rich merchant, a dashing soldier, a sporting idler, a learned lawyer, a thoughtful clergyman, and an old-fashioned country gentleman, the gem of them all. Mr. Spectator also belonged to the club, but he only observed and wrote about other members' sayings and doings.

15. Addison and Steele in their paper related the experiences, adventures, and opinions of these club members, and before long the paper was seen everywhere in the rich and fashionable world. The welcome little sheet was read in every club and

coffee-house, and brightened many a tea-table by its sparkling wit and charming style.

16. Everybody felt that while reading the *Spectator* they were in the company of a graceful, kindly, high-minded, and cultured gentleman, who gently led them from their silly and idle talk to “ whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report.”

39. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

1. Addison wrote in all some two hundred and seventy-four numbers of the *Spectator*, and Steele contributed two hundred and thirty-four. In No. 2, which was published on March 2, 1711, Steele introduced “a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.” Addison afterwards took Sir Roger up, and made him one of the most courteous, genial, gracious, and charitable old gentlemen in all literature.

2. He is full of whims and oddities, as simple as a child and as gentle as a woman, and he lives in our hearts among the most highly prized of all the friends which we make in books. He represented a type that was then passing away, and Addison

pictured him because he wished young men of property to learn what a good influence the best country gentlemen of the old school exercised on their tenants and neighbours.

3. Addison describes Sir Roger at home amongst his tenants ; in church ; at the assizes, and in London. Let us see how Addison describes him in church. He tells us that Sir Roger had made the church beautiful at his own expense, and that he had provided each of the villagers with a hassock and a prayer book, so that they could kneel and join in the responses. He also paid a singing-master to give them lessons, and so well had they profited by his instruction that their singing was the best that Mr. Spectator had ever heard in a country church.

4. "As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in church besides himself ; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, on recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servants to them. . . .

5. "Sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces 'Amen' three or four times to the same prayer, and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to

Sir Roger de Coverley on his Way to Church.

By James Gillray C. R. Ash, Esq., F.R.S. By permission of Messrs. Henry G.丰富, London.



count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

6. “I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion.

7. “As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such an one’s wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church—which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.”

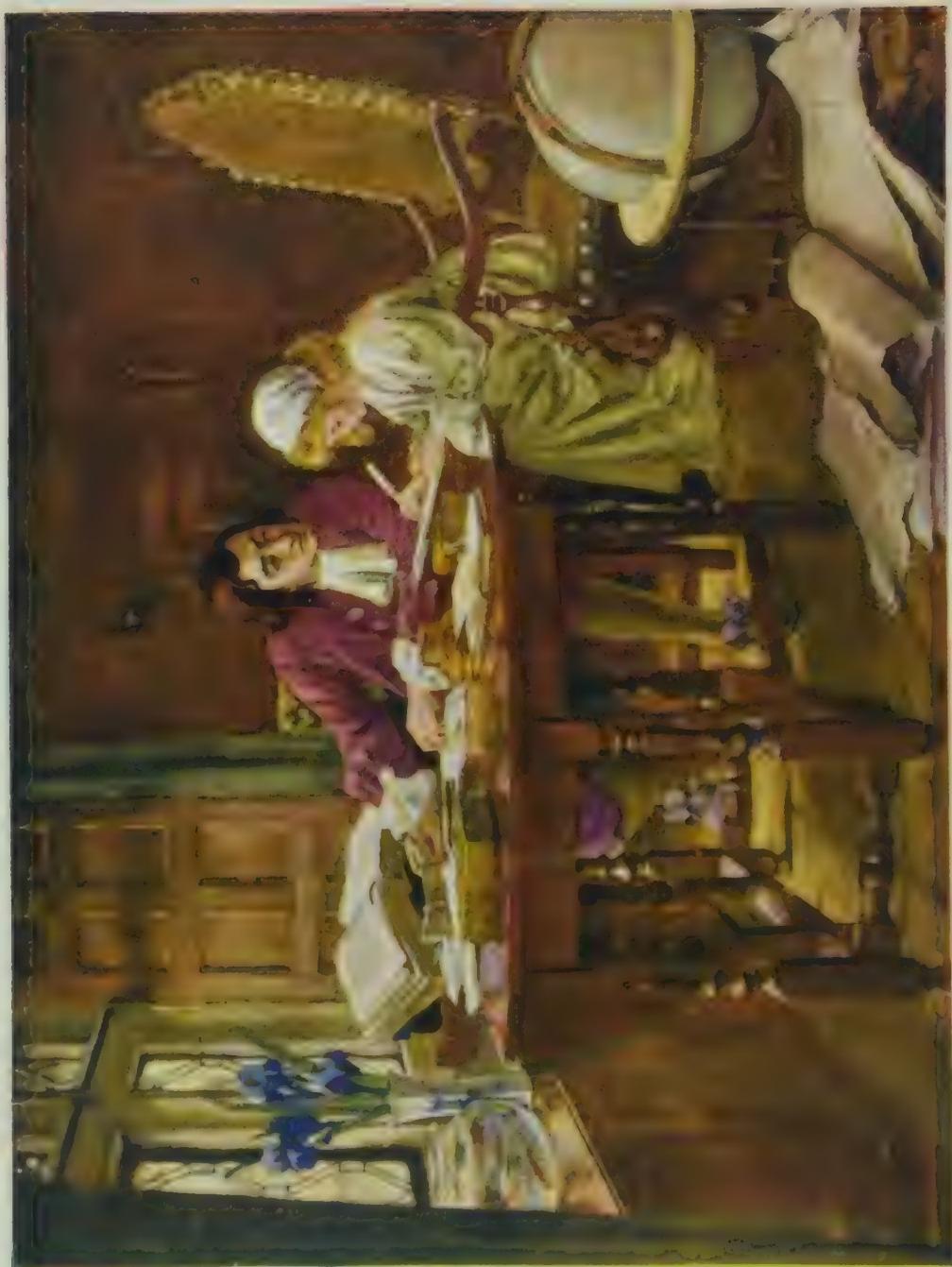
8. The *Spectator* was so profitable that Addison was able to buy an estate and live as a man of wealth. On most days he was to be found in Button’s coffee-house with his literary friends about him. His play, *Cato*, was put upon the stage in 1713, and became extremely popular. Indeed, in his lifetime Addison was more celebrated as the author of *Cato* than as Mr. Spectator. In our day, for one who knows and admires *Cato*, ten thousand know and admire Mr. Spectator.

9. I need not trouble you with a long account of the rest of Addison's life. On the death of Queen Anne he once more went to Ireland as Secretary, but spent a good deal of his time in London, where he wrote another play, which was a failure. So too was the *Freeholder*, a paper which was begun after the *Spectator* and the *Guardian* had run their course.

10. In 1716 Addison married Charlotte, Countess of Warwick, and went to live at Holland House. The marriage was not a happy one, and Addison often stole away from the cold grandeur of the great mansion to mingle with his old friends at Button's coffee-house. Soon afterwards he became a Secretary of State, and did his work well, but without any very great distinction.

11. A year before his death Addison and his old friend Steele fell out on a political matter, and wrote bitter articles against each other. Before the quarrel was made up, Addison was dead. Then poor Dicky Steele was full of remorse, and was eager to express his love and reverence for his old friend.

12. Addison was not only the prince of essay writers, but a good man. When he was on his deathbed he sent for his son-in-law. "See," he said, "how a Christian can die!" He was only forty-eight years of age when death claimed him.



Swift and Stella.
Photo by Margaret L. Dickson
By permission of the Boston Photo Studio (2)

40. THE AUTHOR OF "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS."

1. In the heart of the city of Dublin stands Trinity College, "the cherishing mother" which has sent forth so many of Ireland's brightest and best sons. On each side of the gateway stands a statue—the one to Oliver Goldsmith the poet, the other to Edmund Burke, orator and statesman. We shall read about Goldsmith in a later chapter. To-day we are to learn something of another writer who received his education in this college.

2. Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin five years before the birth of Addison. He was a clever, delicate child, and it is said that he could read any chapter of the Bible before he was three years old. He received a good education at Kilkenny School, but when he went up to Trinity College he did not fulfil the promise of his earlier years.

3. He afterwards said that he was so discouraged by the ill-treatment of his relations that he neglected to prepare for his examinations. We know that his waywardness and carelessness led him into many a scrape, and that on his twenty-first birthday he was punished by not being allowed to take his degree.

4. Soon after James the Second ran away, and William of Orange became king in his stead,

Ireland broke out into rebellion. Swift, who was a Protestant, fled to England, and was offered a situation in the house of Sir William Temple, a distant relation. Temple was himself a writer, and Swift served him as something between a secretary and an upper servant.

5. The proud young Irishman was treated coldly and disdainfully by Sir William, and he sometimes saw no members of the family for three months together. He brooded over this neglect, and in a sudden fit of temper left his patron and went back to Ireland, where he became a clergyman.

6. His life as a country parson proved even more wretched than his service with Sir William, so two years later he returned to his kinsman's house. To fill up his time he gave lessons to a beautiful girl named Esther Johnson, who was then living with Sir William. Swift fell in love with his little pupil, whom he called "Stella," and twenty-one years later was privately married to her.

7. Swift was now far better treated by his patron, and in his house met King William and some of the leading members of the Government. In London he also met many of the wits and writers of the time. When Sir William died, Swift once more returned to Ireland, this time as chaplain and secretary to the Viceroy; but, just as he reached

Dublin, he was dismissed from the latter post and resigned the former.

8. He once more became a country parson, but his congregations were woefully small. On one occasion Swift and the parish clerk were the only persons present at church, so he began the service with these words: "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me."

9. While living in Sir William Temple's house Swift had written two books, "The Tale of a Tub," and "The Battle of the Books." The first book was an allegory, showing how the early Church had become split up into two great sections at war with each other. It was full of mad, coarse fun, and was certainly not the kind of book which a clergyman ought to have written.

10. "The Battle of the Books" arose out of a discussion with Sir William Temple. He held that the old books were better than the modern books, and Swift took the opposite view. "The Battle of the Books" set forth Swift's opinions in a very interesting and amusing manner.

11. Swift now began to write political tracts in support of King William's ministers, and soon became the best man in the country at this kind of work. He took up this form of writing in order to advance his fortunes; but his friends did



TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.
The College of Swift, Burke, and Goldsmith.

nothing for him, and in despair he changed sides. He now wrote bitter and biting pamphlets against the men whom he had formerly supported, and when his new friends came into power they made him Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

12. During his residence at the deanery in Dublin his pen was never idle. In 1726, when he was fifty-nine years of age, he produced the work by which he is best known—"Gulliver's Travels." It is by far the most famous and popular of all his writings, and has been called "almost the most delightful children's book ever written." Its air of truth, and its wonderful detail, place it side by side with "Robinson Crusoe."

13. Gulliver was a surgeon who journeyed to Lilliput, in which he found men and women six inches high. In this land he found himself a giant amongst pygmies. In another voyage he visited Brobdingnag, where the people were as tall as a church steeple. In this land he was a pigmy amongst giants. Swift asks us to imagine these dwarfs and giants, and then all the rest of the book seems perfectly natural to us. An Irish bishop, who read the book when it first appeared, thought that it was a truthful account of voyages which had actually been made.

14. This delightful children's book was not written

for children at all. Swift composed it for the purpose of pouring contempt on the dishonest public men and the shameless courtiers of his time. He showed them a kingdom of tiny creatures behaving just as they did. All were engaged in the same kind of mean, unworthy strife for place and power. Swift hoped that his readers would despise the behaviour of these living dolls, and so would be led to see how mean their own conduct must appear in the eyes of all right-thinking men.

15. During his later years Swift was attacked by a disease of the brain. He had always been a bad-tempered man, but now he became sullen and fierce. He drove his friends from him, and when at last he grew deaf, his mind gave way, and he became a lunatic. After three years of almost total silence he died. His tomb is still to be seen in the cathedral of St. Patrick's, but his works remain as his real monument.

41. ALEXANDER POPE.

1. Two years before Queen Anne died there was no country in Europe which could compare with England in the number and importance of its writers. I have already told you something about Defoe, Addison, Steele, and Swift, all of whom wrote

in this period, and I must now introduce you to a great poet who had already begun his career, and was to continue his work for thirty years longer.

2. In Lesson 38 I told you something of the coffee-houses which were the social clubs of the seventeenth century. One of the most famous of these coffee-houses was "Will's," where literary men often met to hear John Dryden talk about men and books. On one occasion a boy of nine found his way into "Will's," and listened eagerly to the conversation. His name was Alexander Pope, and he was to be to the next generation what Dryden was to his—the first poet of his time.

3. Pope was then at school in London. He was a delicate and sensitive boy, who suffered from headaches and was deformed in body. His voice was so sweet that he was called "the little nightingale." He was an only child, and he was a good deal petted and spoiled by his elderly parents. Very little regular schooling fell to his lot. His parents were Roman Catholics, and in those days Roman Catholics were not allowed to keep public schools.

4. The boy was almost self-taught. He taught himself to write by copying the words in printed books, and this accounts for his small and cramped writing. In after years he could crowd such an immense amount of writing into so small a space that



ALEXANDER POPE.
(After the portrait by William Hoare.)

Dean Swift called him “paper-sparing Pope.” He began to write verse when he was little more than a baby. He tells us that—

“As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.”

At nine he turned a Latin poem into English, and at twelve wrote a play. At fourteen he composed a poem containing a number of lines which he afterwards introduced into two of his greatest works. In 1704, when he was sixteen years of age, he wrote a poem on *Windsor Forest* and another on *The Messiah*, both of which were worthy of any poet then living. Pope was soon recognized as the first of living poets.

5. In his twenty-first year he wrote a poetical essay, in which he talked about books and methods of writing like a middle-aged man of wide experience. Addison praised the work in the *Spectator*, and soon became one of the young poet’s friends. A few years later he wrote his *Rape of the Lock*, which made a great sensation. It was the story of how a lover stole a lock of hair from his lady’s head. Round this subject Pope wove the prettiest of fancies, and introduced into the story a number of fairy beings whom he called sylphs.

6. At the end of 1713 Pope told his friends that



POPE'S VILLA AT TWICKENHAM

he was about to turn Homer's great poem, the *Iliad*, into English verse. When the first volume appeared it was greatly praised. Pope was busy at this work for eleven years, and his gains amounted to £9,000, which enabled him to live in great comfort for the rest of his days.

7. He then turned to the adventures of Ulysses, some of which you read in Book I.; and though his poem was successful, the Greek scholars of the day were not satisfied. One of them said that it was a pretty poem, but "we must not call it Homer." The publication of these works led to a violent quarrel with Addison. Pope wrote a very bitter satire on his old friend.

8. About this time Pope went to live in a pretty villa at Twickenham, where he spent the rest of his days amusing himself in his gardens, on his bowling green, and in his grotto. His literary friends visited him from time to time, and here he wrote his later works.

9. Some of the poems written at Twickenham were stinging satires on the small poets of the day. One of these poets became so angry that he hung up a rod at Button's, and swore that he would lay it across Pope's back at the first opportunity. The threat, however, was a safe one, for Pope never went to Button's.

10. Later in life Pope wrote the best known of his works—the *Essay on Man*. This book is still read, and is still admired for its poetry; but it is not a work of deep thought, though it abounds in shrewd and pithy sayings.

11. Many of the verses of this poem are constantly quoted even now. Here are some of them :—

“ Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.”

“ Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is man.”

12. “ Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.”

“ He can’t be wrong whose life is in the right.”

“ Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.”

13. Pope was a town poet. He knew much about men and fashionable life, but he had read very little in the open book of Nature. For this reason he falls far behind Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, who, like the Duke in *As You Like It*,

found “tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

14. Early in the year of 1744 it was plain that Pope was slowly dying. His spirits fell very low, and at last he could not bear to see any but his intimate friends. After a very busy life he died on May 30, 1744, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

15. Many writers have written harshly about him. They tell us that he was mean and spiteful, vain and petty. But when we remember his poor deformed body, and his lifelong sufferings, we can perhaps find some excuse for his many shortcomings.

42. THE HARE WITH MANY FRIENDS.

[This poem was written by John Gay, who was very friendly with Pope, and inscribed his first poem to him.]

I. A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied* with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train,†
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.

* Agreed.

† Company of animals.

2. As forth she went at early dawn,
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
 Behind she hears the hunters' cries,
 And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies :
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;
 She hears the near advance of death ;
 She doubles, to mislead the hound,
 And measures back her mazy round ;
 Till, fainting in the public way,
 Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.
3. What transport* in her bosom grew,
 When first the Horse appeared in view !
 "Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
 And owe my safety to a friend.
 You know my feet betray my flight ;
 To friendship every burden's light."
 The Horse replied : "Poor, honest Puss,
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus.
 Be comforted ; relief is near,
 For all your friends are in the rear."

[The Hare then appealed to the Bull ; but he, though sorry to disappoint her, had an urgent engagement. He therefore advised her to apply to the Goat, who was just behind.]

4. The Goat remarked † her pulse was high,
 Her languid ‡ head, her heavy eye ;

* Feeling of pleasure. † Noticed. ‡ Weak and drooping.

“ My back,” says he, “ may do you harm ;
The Sheep’s at hand, and wool is warm.”

5. The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained :
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.
6. She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
“ Shall I,” says he, “ of tender age,
In this important case engage ?
Older and abler passed you by ;
How strong are those, how weak am I !
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas, must part !
How shall we all lament ! Adieu ! *
For, see, the hounds are just in view.”

JOHN GAY (1688-1732).

43. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1. You have already read in these pages of Dean Swift, who was born and bred and who died in Ireland. Now let me tell you of another Irish

* I commend you to God ; farewell.



GOLDSMITH AT LISSOY.
(From the drawing by Cowan Dobson.)

writer of quite a different character. He was not a great genius, but he was one of the most lovable men who ever held a pen. He did and said many foolish things in his life, but he gave us books of wonderful charm and beauty. One of his friends said that he “wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.”

2. Oliver Goldsmith was born sixteen years before the death of Pope in the parsonage of Lissoy, a pretty Irish village of County Westmeath. His father was the clergyman of the parish, and was one of the kindest-hearted men who ever breathed. Though he was very poor in this world’s goods, no wayfarer ever asked him for food and lodging and went empty away. “His pity gave ere charity began,” and Oliver took after his father.

3. An old dame taught the boy his letters, and she said that he was the dullest scholar she had ever known. His life was full of troubles, but I think he was most unhappy in his school and college days. He was an awkward, pock-marked lad, and he was mercilessly knocked about and made fun of by his schoolmates.

4. When his schooldays were over he became a student of Trinity College, Dublin, before the gates of which his statue now stands. His father was too poor to pay his fees, so he was admitted free on

condition that he would sweep out the courts and help to carry up the dishes at dinner-time. He was very unhappy in college, for no one was kind to him, and he did not show himself clever enough to win the approval of his tutors. He had very little money, and what he had he usually gave away to the first beggar whom he met.

5. One morning a friend called on him, and found him lying not *on* his bed, but *inside* it. He had ripped up the ticking and had thrust himself in amongst the feathers! It appeared that a poor woman with six children had begged him to help her, and having no money, he had given her his bedclothes.

6. When his father died Oliver was penniless, and had to pawn his books. One day he discovered that a printer in the city was ready to buy ballads at five shillings apiece. He at once began to make ballads, and to his great joy sold them readily.

7. Every night he used to steal out into the dimly-lighted streets to hear his ballads sung. Seldom, however, did the five shillings which he received for a ballad go home with him. The greater part of the money was sure to be given to the beggars who beset him on the way.

8. At the age of twenty-one he left college and went home, where he helped his brother to teach

the village school. He was a great favourite with his friends, for he could play the flute, make and sing songs, and keep the table in a roar with his merry jests. Three years later he went to Edinburgh to study medicine, and after spending two winters in the Scottish capital, set out for Leyden, in Holland, where he chiefly lived by teaching English —with a strong Irish brogue.

9. Soon, however, he felt a great desire to travel, and set out on a tour of Europe. He had only one guinea in his pocket, and he proposed to tramp from place to place and pay his way by singing and playing the flute. This he did, and journeyed on foot from city to city, studying the people and their ways, and storing up in his mind a thousand scenes and incidents which he afterwards described in his books.

10. Some years later we find him in London trying to pick up a living, first as a chemist's assistant and then as a doctor. He wore an old suit of green and gold with a large patch on the left breast. When he went to see a patient he used to cover up this sign of poverty with his hat.

11. But patients were few and far between, and he found that he must seek some other employment if he was to keep body and soul together. So he tried correcting proofs for a printer, then he was a



JOHNSON READING "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

(From the picture by E. M. Ward, R.A.)

teacher in a private school, but at last became a writer for a monthly paper owned by a bookseller.

12. He lived in a garret in a miserable square called, as if in mockery, Green Arbour Court. It was a dirty room, furnished with a mean bed and a single wooden chair. He was as poor as a church mouse, yet he did not hesitate to pawn his clothes to help his landlady, whose husband had been seized for debt. In this condition he wrote numerous graceful and witty papers for several magazines, and by doing so managed to keep his head above water.

44. "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

1. As Goldsmith became better known his circumstances improved, though his money always burnt a hole in his pocket. He removed to Wine Office Court, and was there introduced to the great Dr. Johnson, who was a kind of emperor amongst the literary men of the time.

2. One day in the year 1764 Johnson received an urgent message from Goldsmith begging him to come to him at once. Johnson immediately went to Wine Office Court, and there found that Goldsmith had been arrested by bailiffs for debt. The two friends sat down to talk of what was to be done.

3. Presently Goldsmith produced a manuscript, and the doctor examined it. The manuscript contained Goldsmith's beautiful story, "The Vicar of Wakefield." Johnson saw at a glance that it was a great work, and took it to a bookseller, to whom he sold it for £60. Goldsmith's troubles were over for a time, and he immediately began to run into debt once more.

4. When you are older you will read and greatly enjoy "The Vicar of Wakefield." It is full of the soft sunshine and tender beauty of happy home life, and only a good man could have written it. I have no doubt that as Goldsmith sat in his garret writing the book, his aching heart turned to his old home at Lissoy. The Vicar in the book was his own father, and the other characters were his brothers and sisters and friends in the dear Irish village which he was never likely to see again.

5. Goldsmith was already known to the booksellers and to the reading public by his poem, *The Traveller*, in which he set down the impressions of his tramp abroad. Johnson said that it was the finest poem since Pope's time; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the painter, declared that he could never again think of Goldsmith as ugly, because the poem showed that under his coarse, blunt features and rugged skin there was a lovely and lovable nature.

6. Four years after “The Vicar of Wakefield” appeared Goldsmith wrote his comedy, *The Good Natured Man*. He made £500 by it, but he squandered the money in buying fine clothes and in giving expensive feasts to his friends.

7. Two years later his best poem, *The Deserted Village*, appeared. The village of Auburn, which he describes in this poem, is his native Lissoy.

“ How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring
hill,
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the
shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.”

The characters which he portrays in this exquisite poem are the friends of his boyhood—his father and the village schoolmaster.

8. He thus describes his father :—

“ A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year. . . .
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain... ”

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray."

9. The village schoolmaster is thus described :—

"A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew. . . .
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too.

10. In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering
sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

11. Goldsmith's fame was now at its highest; but, alas, he was terribly in debt, and he was obliged to work for the publishers, and waste his time on books which were merely intended to sell and not to live after him.

12. In 1773 his delightful comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, was placed on the stage, and attained a

great success. You may judge of its merits when I tell you that it is frequently played to-day—a hundred and forty years after it first appeared !

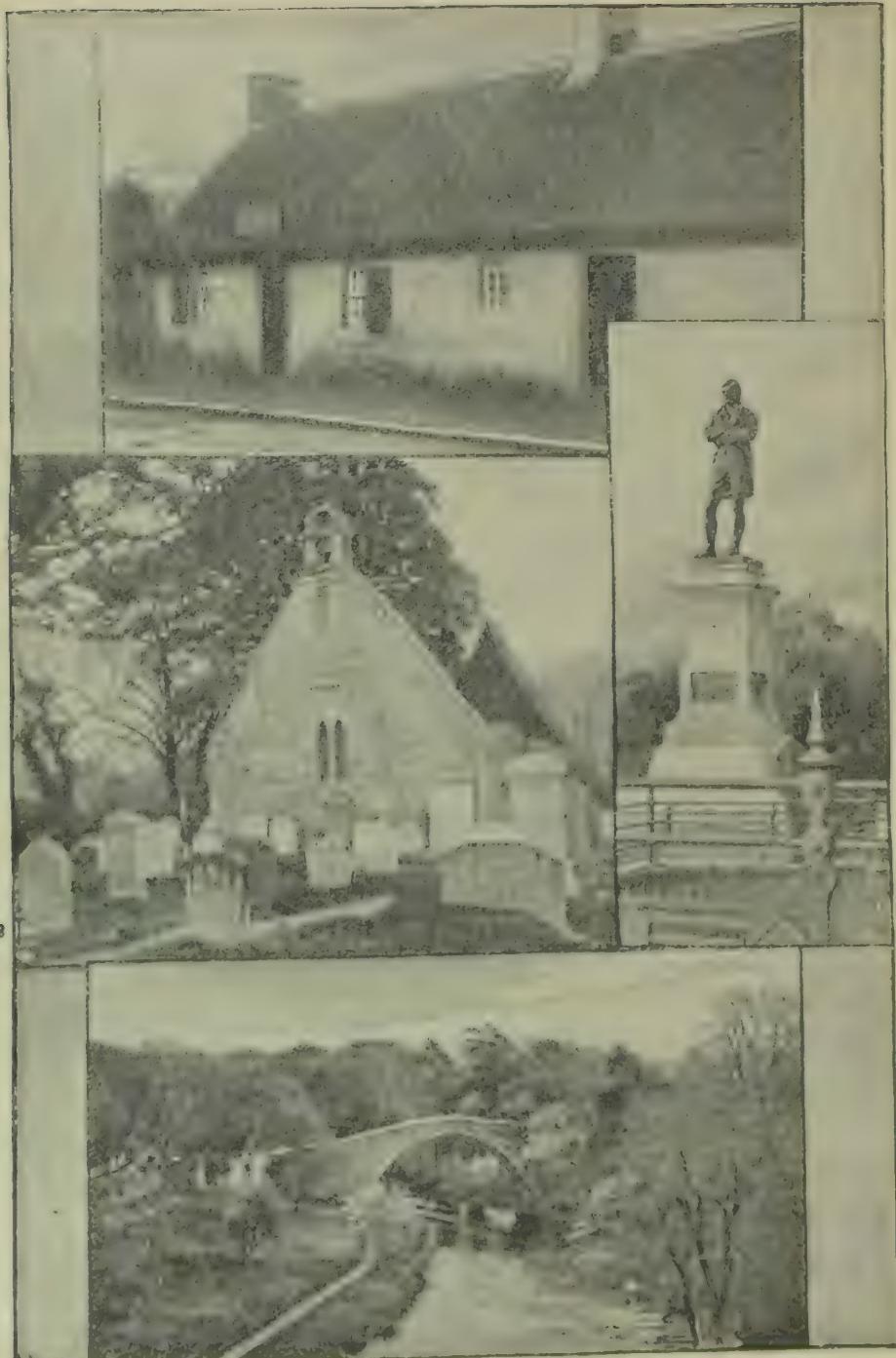
13. Poor Noll died as he lived, in debt. His last hours were clouded by the memory of his reckless life and his foolish, unthrifty ways. His old friend, Dr. Johnson, would, however, never hear a word spoken against him. He used to say, “Let not his frailties* be remembered ; he was a very great man.”

45. THE AYRSHIRE PLOUGHMAN.

1. So far, only English and Irish writers have figured in these pages. We are now to read of a Scotsman, who for a hundred and fifty years has been hailed by his fellow-countrymen as their national bard.

2. Robert Burns, the national poet of Scotland, was born at Alloway, a village some two or three miles south of Ayr, in the year 1759. If you visit Alloway to-day you will be shown the “auld clay biggin” in which he first saw the light. It now forms part of a national museum, in which many interesting objects connected with the poet are exhibited.

* Weaknesses.



IN BURNS LAND.

1. Birthplace of Robert Burns.
2. Alloway Church, showing William Burns's tomb.
3. Statue of Robert Burns at Ayr.
4. The banks of "bonnie Doon."

3. When you see the cottage you realize at once that Robert Burns was born to humble estate, with toil and care for his portion. His father was a small farmer ; but he was well educated for his station in life, and he determined to give his children the best schooling possible. So, at six years of age, little Robbie Burns was sent off to the nearest school, where he proved himself a diligent scholar.

4. Study was carried on at home as well. His father and his brothers all loved reading, and the neighbours said that if you went to William Burns's house at meal-time, you would be sure to find the whole family with a book in one hand and a horn spoon in the other.

5. There was no university for Robert Burns when schooldays were over. He had then to work as a ploughman in the fields ; but he studied nature closely, and found in his neighbours, in hill, stream, sky, and cloud, in the animals on the farm, the wild flowers by the wayside, and the birds in the bushes, a wealth of knowledge which no professor could impart. At the same time he read a good deal of poetry, and tried his 'prentice hand at the art of verse.

6. A little heap of leaves and stubble torn to pieces by his ploughshare, one cold November day, revealed a poor little field mouse starting away in

terror from its ruined home. The sight touched the ploughman's tender heart, and he forthwith expressed his feelings in a beautiful song. Again, on an April day, his upturned furrow crushed a crimson-tipped daisy, and drew from him poetical thoughts as fresh and sweet and artless as the wild flower itself.

7. The sorrows of a sheep, a dog, or an old mare, readily inspired his pen, and the familiar sight of a family gathered together for evening prayer impelled him to write one of the most touching poems in our language.

8. While the poet was reaping "the harvest of the quiet eye," and was pouring out his inmost thoughts in sweet, homely verse, the farm on which he wrought was proving a failure. So hopeless was the outlook that he proposed to sail to the West Indies in the hope of obtaining employment on a sugar plantation.

9. In order to raise a little money for the voyage he published a slender book of songs. Six hundred copies were printed, and they sold so well that the author made a profit of twenty guineas. He was about to set sail, when a letter arrived from a friend in Edinburgh telling him that people of the capital were loud in praise of his songs, and that they prophesied a great future for him as a poet.

10. This joyful news made Burns change his mind. He no longer wished to sail to the West Indies ; he determined to go to Edinburgh and win fame and fortune by his pen. He arrived in the city in November 1786, with very few shillings in his pocket and scarcely a friend in the whole place.

11. The literary men of Edinburgh, however, invited him to their houses, and introduced him to the best society in the city. They listened with delight to his brilliant talk, and they subscribed money to bring out a new edition of his poems. When, however, they had thoroughly spoiled him by their flattery, they threw him aside, and almost forgot his existence.

46. THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

1. The story of the ten remaining years of Burns's brief life is full of sadness. He shook the dust of Edinburgh from his feet, and with the money which he had gained from his poems, took a farm near Dumfries, where he settled down with his newly-married wife.

2. Unhappily his farm was not well chosen. Though he laboured early and late, he could not make it pay. A friend, however, obtained for

him a post in the Excise, with a salary of £70 a year. The duties of his office were heavy, and they brought him into close touch with that strong drink which was to prove his undoing.

3. While he was acting as exciseman, he did not throw aside his pen. A third edition of his works appeared, and amongst the new pieces was "Tam o' Shanter," one of his finest poems. The sands of his life, however, had not long to run. His drinking habits had enfeebled his frame, and now sickness attacked him.

4. While he lay on his death-bed his mind was tormented by the thought of his debts, and by the uncertain future of the wife and children whom he was leaving behind. His short, pathetic life came to an end in his thirty-eighth year.

5. It is chiefly for his songs that the memory of Burns is dear to the hearts of Scotsmen. Thomas Carlyle, a fellow-countryman, and a writer of genius, held that he was first of all the song writers that the world has ever known. He did not write glorious plays like Shakespeare or majestic odes like Milton, but he fashioned little jewels of song, that will never lose their charm while men have ears to hear and hearts to feel.

6. More than a hundred of his best songs were set to the music of old or new tunes, and for these

his only reward was a shawl for his wife, a picture, and a five-pound note for himself. He refused all other payments ; his songs were his free-will offering to the land of his birth and pride.

7. Before I close this lesson, let us look at one of the longer poems which Burns wrote. It is not his best poem, but it gives us a beautiful picture of how Saturday night was spent in the Scottish villages of his day. He tells us that, when the labour of the week is over, the cottar collects his tools, and looking forward to the rest and ease of the Sabbath, trudges homeward across the moor.

8. When his cottage comes into view, his little children come running out to greet him. Beside the clean hearth his wife awaits him with a smile. He sits him down and takes the baby on his knee, and while listening to its prattle, forgets all his labour and toil.

9. Then the older children, who are working on the neighbouring farms, return. The eldest daughter, Jenny, who is out at service, comes home to show the family her new gown, and to bring her father and mother a little money to put in their slender purse. The brothers and sisters are glad to meet, and they chat gaily with each other, while the mother plies her scissors and needle and makes the old clothes look almost as good as new.

10. A rap is heard on the door, and Jenny's lover arrives to join the happy party. Then comes supper of porridge and milk, and when it is over all gather round the ingle-nook in a wide circle. The father places the big family Bible on the table, and chooses a psalm, which is sung to one of the good old tunes. Then he reads a chapter from the Old or the New Testament, and when it is finished, all kneel, while he prays that they may meet hereafter in heaven, "no more to sigh or shed the bitter tear."

11. When family prayer is over Jenny and her lover depart, the children retire to bed, and the parents kneel once more, and ask Him who feeds the ravens, and "decks the lily fair in flowery pride" to care for them and their little ones, and to pour into their hearts divine grace. Such is the picture which Burns paints of *The Cottar's Saturday Night*.

12. He concludes the poem by assuring us that "from scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs;" and then he prays that Scotland's sons may always be simple and hardy, and never be made weak and vile by luxury. In the last verse he thanks God for the patriots who have kept his native land free from tyranny, and begs Him always to raise up poets and warriors to be her ornament and guard.



Burns composing "The Cottar's Saturday Night."

(From the picture by Sir William Allan, R.A. By permission
of Messrs. Henryirats & Co.)

**47. BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY
AT BANNOCKBURN.**

1. Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled !
Scots wham* Bruce has often led !
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victory !
2. Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
See the front of battle lour !†
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery !
3. Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !
4. Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',‡
Let him follow me !
5. By oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !§
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they *shall* be free !

* Whom.

† Look gloomy and threatening.

‡ Fall.

§ Chains of slavery.

6. Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do, or die !

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796.)

48. “THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH.”

1. If you visit the gray old city of Edinburgh, you will see in its chief street the noblest monument ever erected to the memory of any writer in any age or in any country. Beneath the towering pinnacles of the monument is a white marble statue to the man who comes next to Shakespeare in the glorious roll of British writers. His name was Walter Scott, and men speak of him as “The Wizard of the North.”

2. Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh on August 15, in the year that saw Robert Burns attain his twelfth birthday. His father was a lawyer, and his mother was the daughter of a professor. The family was well-to-do, so Scott had none of that early poverty and lack of good education which fell to the lot of the ploughman of Ayrshire. He was a healthy child, but a fever left him weak and without the use of his right leg.

The Meeting of Burns and Scott.

Painted by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. By permission of Messrs. Thomas F.erman and Sons,
London, and by arrangement with the Proprietors of "The Graphic."



All sorts of remedies were tried, but none of them succeeded ; and at last the lame, sickly boy was sent to his grandfather's farm at Smailholme in Roxburghshire, to see what country air could do for him.

3. At Smailholme he found himself in one of the border counties of Scotland. I dare say you know that for hundreds of years the “ Borders ” were the scene of wild, lawless strife between the neighbouring Scots and English. Almost every place in this part of Scotland has its romantic story of raid and foray, and almost every peasant knows the ballads which were made in those warlike days.

4. Scott loved to hear these grim tales, and as he was an imaginative boy, he peopled anew each crag and ruined wall with their long since dead-and-gone heroes. In after days he used many “ Border ” characters and incidents in the glowing pages of his poems and novels.

5. In his eighth year he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh. He was not a model pupil, but his quickness of mind and his powerful memory enabled him to take “ a decent place ” in his class. On the whole, he was more distinguished in the playground than in the class-room. Out of school hours he delighted in fights or “ bickers ” with the boys of the neighbourhood, and in climbing along the cliff paths of the Castle rock.

6. Some writers tell us that Scott, like Goldsmith, was a dunce in boyhood. This is quite a mistake. He was no dunce, but he did not love the set tasks of the schoolroom. His mind was chock-full of learning, but it was learning which his teachers neither taught nor encouraged.

7. There never was a better teller of tales than Walter Scott, and even in his schooldays he showed that he possessed this gift in a high degree. When he was twelve years of age he spent a short time at Kelso Grammar School, where he met James Ballantyne, who was afterwards to become his publisher.

8. Ballantyne soon discovered that the new boy from Edinburgh had a great stock of stories, and that he was always ready to tell them. When Walter had finished his lesson, he would say, "Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell you a story." You can guess what the stories were about. They were sure to deal with knightly doings in the brave days of old.

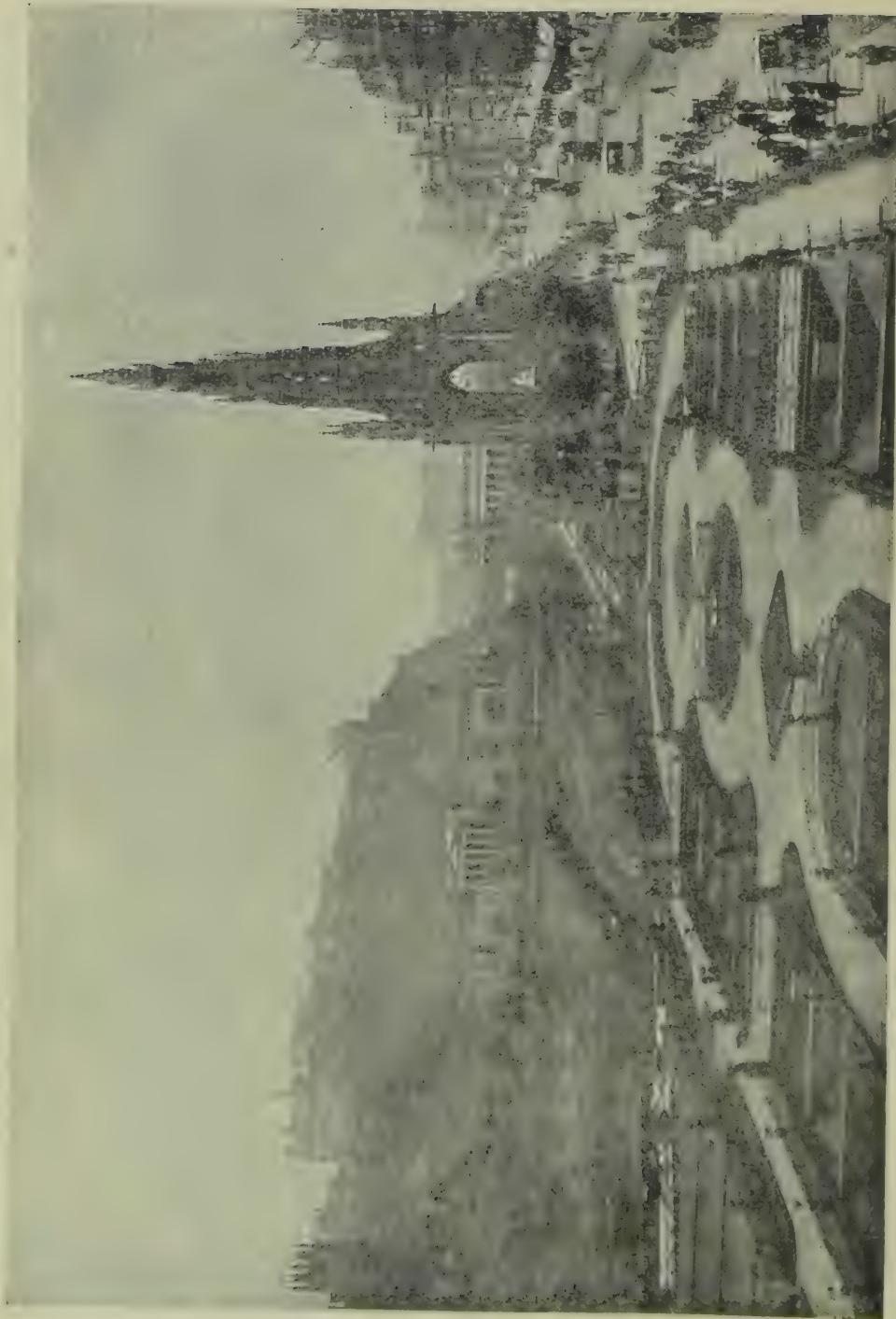
9. When Scott was fifteen years of age, he met,* for the first and only time, the national poet of Scotland, Robert Burns. The meeting took place in the house of an Edinburgh professor, where some of the leading men of the city were assembled. Burns saw on the wall of the room a picture which took his fancy, and read the lines beneath it.

* See page 196.

10. When he asked the company to tell him the name of the author of the lines, and the piece from which they were taken, no one could enlighten him but the schoolboy, Walter Scott. Burns thanked him, and was, no doubt, surprised to receive the information from so young a lad. It is said that the poet was much struck with young Walter, and foretold a great future for him.

11. School days came to end, and Scott began to attend classes at the university. He was not much interested in them, and much preferred to wander about the hills near Edinburgh, talking with his friends of gallant knights and ladies fair. He learned Italian at this time, so that he might read the great poets who wrote in that language on similar topics.

12. When Scott left the university he entered his father's office, and was frequently sent to the Highlands on business. As we may well imagine, the sights and scenes of that enchanted land made a great impression on him. He loved the Highlands, and he delighted to talk with high and low, rich and poor, and to hear from them all the tales of the countryside. Everything romantic was dear to his heart, especially if it referred to the "Borders," or to the Highlands, or to his "own romantic town"—the city of Edinburgh.



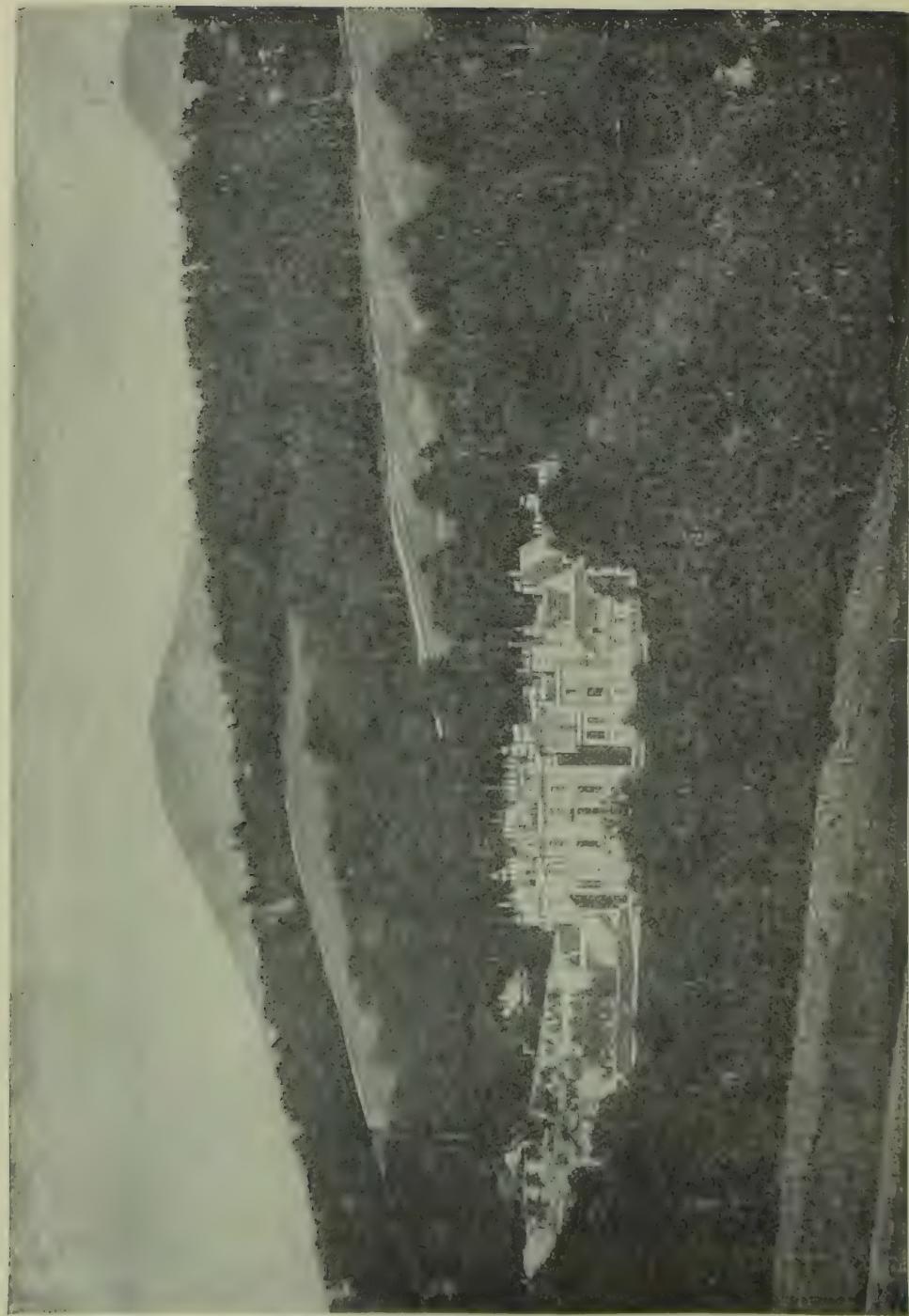
"MINE OWN ROMANTIC TOWN," SHOWING THE SCOTT MONUMENT.
(Photo, Ingitis, Edinburgh.)

49. THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

1. In the year 1792 Scott became an advocate—that is, a Scottish barrister. He had very little work to do, so he often made what he called “raids” into the Border counties, where he explored every corner of the country, collected ballads, and picked up stories from all sorts and conditions of people. He was a most delightful companion, and was welcomed alike in cottage and in hall.

2. Five years after his call to the bar he married a beautiful girl named Charlotte Mary Carpenter, and settled down in Edinburgh. And now, happily married, he turned to the great work of his life. He had already published translations in verse from a German poet. Now he began to prepare a volume of those Border ballads which he had so diligently collected.

3. Before the book appeared Scott had been made one of the county judges of Roxburghshire. The duties of his office were light, and he had ample time to work at his book. When it was ready for press his old school friend, Ballantyne, printed it in his office at Kelso. The book was published in 1802, and was greatly praised. Scott made some £80 out of it, and, what was far better,



ABBOTSFORD AND THE EILDON HILLS.
(Photo by Valentine.)

hosts of friends, including some of the leading literary men of the time.

4. He was now a full-blown author, but he did not mean to give up the law. About this time he removed to Ashestiell, a pleasant country-house on the banks of the Tweed in Selkirkshire. Scott loved the Tweed, and delighted to live so close to it that its song might always be in his ears. Never was a river better loved by any man. At Ashestiell he began to interest himself in country sports and in the management of a sheep farm.

5. Meanwhile Scott had published *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and awoke one morning "to find himself famous." All the reading world was talking of the new poem. It was a story told in verse, and such a thing had not been so well done since the days of Chaucer. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* pleased everybody. It was full of stir and movement, the characters were gallant and brave, there were many tender and graceful songs in it, and, above all, beautiful descriptions of scenery.

6. *The Lay* was a brilliant success, and its author made more than £750 by it. In the next year he was appointed to a clerkship in the High Court, with a good salary. His duties were fairly light, and left him plenty of leisure for writing. Ballantyne had now removed to Edinburgh, and had set up his

press in the Canongate, not far from the Palace of Holyrood. Scott became his secret partner in a printing business, and thus began a connection that was in later days to bring him to ruin.

7. About this time Scott began his first novel, "Waverley." When he had written some chapters of it he showed it to a friend whose advice he valued; but the friend did not think well of it, and advised him not to waste his time on such work. Scott took his advice, and turned again to poetry.

8. What a worker he was! When he was at Ashestiell he used to rise at five in the morning, and an hour later sat down to write, with his books piled round him on the floor and a favourite dog at his feet. By breakfast time he had "broken the back" of his day's work, and by noon he was a "free man," ready to join in all the sports of the countryside.

9. When Scott was in Edinburgh he often wrote far into the night, and his friends frequently saw the shadow of his hand on the blind as he added page after page to a pile of manuscript.

10. In February 1808 *Marmion*, the greatest of all Scott's poetical works, was published. He had given much time and pains to the poem, and the public eagerly looked for its appearance. Constable, the great publisher, offered a thousand guineas for

it before he had even seen it. *Marmion* was even a greater success than *The Lay*, though there were critics who saw many faults in it.

11. In the same year Scott quarrelled with Constable, and decided to join James Ballantyne and his brother John in a publishing business. The first of Scott's books which the new firm published was *The Lady of the Lake*, the best known and best loved of all Scott's long poems. It was wonderfully popular from the first, and twenty thousand copies were sold within the year.

12. Until *The Lady of the Lake* appeared the lovely stretch of country between Callander and Loch Katrine was almost unknown. Immediately there was a rush of tourists to "The Trossachs," and all carried *The Lady of the Lake* in their hands as a guidebook to the district.

13. Though *The Lady of the Lake* brought plenty of grist to the mill, the publishing business of Ballantyne and Co. was far from being a success. The firm issued a number of books which did not sell at all. Scott was a very kind-hearted man, and he often published the dull, heavy works of poor authors, and these the public would not have at any price.

14. Though the publishing business was in a bad way, Scott now bought the estate of Abbotsford, on the Tweed, for £4,000. Here he built a great



Noonday on Loch Katrine,

(From the painting by R. Gallon. By permission of Messrs. Hillasheimer and Co.)

house, which he filled with armour and paintings, and around it he laid out extensive gardens and woodlands. All this cost a great deal of money, and swallowed up his earnings.

50. “THE GREAT UNKNOWN.”

1. The two first poems which Scott wrote in his new home were much less popular than those by which he had made his fame. His first freshness was gone, and he saw in Lord Byron, who was then beginning to take the world by storm, a greater poet than himself. He, therefore, turned his thoughts to another field of literature.

2. Looking out some fishing-tackle in a desk one day, he came across the manuscript of “Waverley,” which he had begun some years before, but had thrown aside. He read it carefully, and forthwith decided to finish it and publish it, but without putting his name on the title page. He was uncertain of its success, and he did not wish to sully his fame as a poet.

3. In three weeks the book was finished. Before, however, it was published the affairs of Ballantyne and Co. were in such a sad state that Scott had to appeal to Constable for help. Con-



SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.
(From the picture by Sir Henry Raeburn.)

stable came to the rescue, and the firm was set on its legs again.

4. “Waverley” was published in July 1814, and at once won great favour with the public. Everybody wanted to know the name of the author—the “Great Unknown,” as he was called. There had been historical novels before “Waverley,” but none in which the dry bones were made to live, and the reader seemed actually to be living in an earlier age. Story, anecdote, legend, description of scenery, deep knowledge of men and women—all were to be found in the pages of the new novel.

5. Scott’s readers were entranced, and eagerly awaited another work on the same lines. His second novel, “Guy Mannering,” was written in six weeks, and was equally well received. Money came “tumbling in” on him very fast and all his anxieties disappeared; but instead of laying by for a rainy day, he, at once, began to spend more money on Abbotsford.

6. “Waverley” and “Guy Mannering” were the first fruits of the new field from which Scott reaped so bountiful a harvest. During the next ten years he poured out a series of splendid novels so rapidly that we still wonder how any one man could do it. The secret of their authorship was well kept, but it leaked out at last, though Scott did not confess

himself to be the writer of the Waverley Novels until the year 1827.

7. He was now the best known and most admired writer of the day. He visited London and the Continent, and was everywhere received with the greatest honour. Returning to Abbotsford, he laboured furiously, and one by one the great novels on which his fame rests flowed from his pen.

8. His works were read all over Europe; the greatest in the land courted him, and he earned some £10,000 a year. In 1820 the king made him a baronet. But in the midst of his success an illness warned him that he was overtaxing his strength. Nevertheless he wrote on, and actually dictated two novels in the midst of his sufferings.

9. We now come to the closing years of his career. The story of these years is very sad, yet it shows the great man at his best. So far you have seen him as a writer of genius, full of prosperity; you are now to read how he bore himself in misfortune. Shakespeare says, “Sweet are the uses of adversity,” and the saying was never so true as in the case of Scott, for out of his adversity he rose a hero.

10. In the middle of January 1826 the thunder-cloud that had been so long gathering burst upon his head. You already know that Constable had lent money to the Ballantyne company to help it

out of its difficulties. A firm with which Constable had very large dealings now failed, and Constable became a bankrupt. This meant that Ballantyne and Company owed their creditors no less than £117,000.

11. Thus Scott, at the age of fifty-five, was not only penniless but deeply in debt. He bore the news like a man. “Naked we entered the world,” said he, “and naked we leave it. Blessed be the name of the Lord.” He was advised to become a bankrupt and begin all over again, but this he would not do. “No,” said he, “this right hand shall work it off.”

12. Already his strong frame had been shaken by illness, and the hair that fringed his towering forehead had become as white as snow. He had looked forward to an old age of ease and honour, but the future was now black indeed.

13. Nevertheless, he did not falter in the path which he had marked out. He took upon himself the whole of the debts of the Ballantyne firm, and devoted the rest of his life to paying them off. In the next eighteen months he actually cleared for his creditors £20,000.

14. Day after day he drudged on, but the end was drawing near. He was attacked by disease. Nature was revenging herself for his cruel wear and

tear of mind and body. In vain he sought the balmy airs of a southern climate. He visited Italy, but grew worse instead of better, and a great longing to be at home seized him.

15. He was hurried to Abbotsford, where he revived a little, and was able to listen to readings from the Bible and from his favourite poet, Crabbe. He even tried to write, but the pen fell from his hand, and the helpless old man sank back into his chair and wept in silence. His life's work was done.

16. “About half-past one, on the 21st September 1832, Sir Walter breathed his last in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear—the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles—was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.”

17. So ends the story of the Wizard of the North. He was not merely one of the glories of our literature, but a great and good man. We know all, or nearly all, about him, yet we know nothing unworthy, mean, or base. George the Fourth made him a baronet, but God Almighty made him a gentleman. In his life he was the “Great Unknown;” as long as the English tongue remains he will be the “Great Unforgotten.”

51. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1. To-day we will visit the Lake District, that lovely region of England in which one of our noblest poets spent his thoughtful and placid days. We make our way to Ambleside, which nestles in a green valley almost encircled by lofty hills.

2. Now we follow the Keswick highroad for a mile or so, and as we reach the pretty village of Rydal we catch through the trees a glimpse of Rydal Water. We make our way at once to the church, and pass on to the second house above it. It is only a modest mansion, almost hidden in foliage, but it has a very special interest for us. In this house, known as Rydal Mount, the poet Wordsworth lived for forty-three years. In it he did some of his greatest work, and in it he died.

3. Now we skirt the shores of Rydal Water, and a few miles farther on reach Grasmere. Nowhere can we find a more lovely spot than Grasmere. The lake, the village, the church, the valley, and the surrounding mountains form a scene in which the very spirit of peace and beauty seems to dwell. Even the most careless of sightseers cannot forget Grasmere once he has seen it. We do not wonder that one of the truest of Nature's poets chose Grasmere as his home in life and his resting-



THE RUSHBEARING.

(From the picture by Frank Bramley, R.A.)

The picture shows a flower service held annually at Grasmere.

place in death. Not far from the lake stands Dove Cottage, the little home to which Wordsworth brought his bride in his thirty-second year. The house now belongs to the nation, and contains portraits and other memorials of the poet.

4. Now we move on to the ancient church. It is a plain, homely structure, which elsewhere would attract little attention ; but here, it fits into the landscape so perfectly that we cannot imagine anything more picturesque. In the south corner of the graveyard, by the side of a little murmuring stream, is a simple, upright slate slab bearing this inscription :

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1850.

The yews close at hand were planted by Wordsworth himself.

5. Now let us learn something of this great poet who was inspired by this lovely land of green fell, hoary mountain, flashing stream, and tree-fringed lake. He was not born in the midst of the scenes which he loved so well, but in the town of Cocker-mouth, which lies outside the Lake District proper.

6. Both his father and mother died in his boyhood ; his mother first, his father when he was fourteen. He was sent to the Grammar School at Hawkeshead, which lies between Windermere and Coniston Water. The school still stands, and the desk on which Wordsworth carved his name is still shown.

7. Wordsworth learnt little at school, though he read many story books and rejoiced especially in

“Gulliver’s Travels” and “The Arabian Nights.” Out of school hours he spent his time in rambling over the fells, in fishing, boating, bird-nesting on the crags, and, in winter, skating on Coniston Water. He was fond of lonely strolls, during which his love for Nature grew into a passion. He thought deeply even in boyhood of life and its meaning, and, when he became a man, he lived almost entirely in a world of thought. Nevertheless, he was a strong, sturdy lad with no nonsense about him.

8. Wordsworth’s life has no adventures such as those which we find in the story of Goldsmith. Most of his days were spent in quiet contemplation amidst the lovely scenes within easy reach of his home. In his seventeenth year he went to St. John’s College, Cambridge; but he made no mark at the university, and had no great love for the place. After leaving college he travelled abroad, and lived in Paris for a year.

9. In the year 1793 Wordsworth published a small volume of poetry, and five years later his friend, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, joined him in publishing another volume, which contained twenty-two pieces of his own, and that wonderful poem, *The Ancient Mariner*, by Coleridge. The two friends afterwards toured in Germany, and then Words-

worth settled down with his sister at Grasmere, and gave himself up to his life's work.

10. You will often hear Wordsworth described as the greatest of "the Lake Poets." The other two were Coleridge, who has already been mentioned, and Robert Southey. An unkind critic once wrote:—

"They lived in the Lakes—an appropriate quarter
For poems diluted with plenty of water."

11. Now let me tell you of one special way in which Wordsworth's poetry differed from most of that which preceded it. Wordsworth believed that

"Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth."

He thought that a poet could write good poetry about the humblest things, about the joys and the sorrows of the poor, about the wild-flowers by the wayside, the birds piping in the hedges, and so forth. Burns had already showed that it was not necessary to go to the battlefield or to the council chamber, or to the lives of the rich and great to find subjects for the best and most moving poetry. He had also shown that poetry could be written in the language of the common people.



WORDSWORTH.

(From the portrait by Frank Pickersgill, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.)

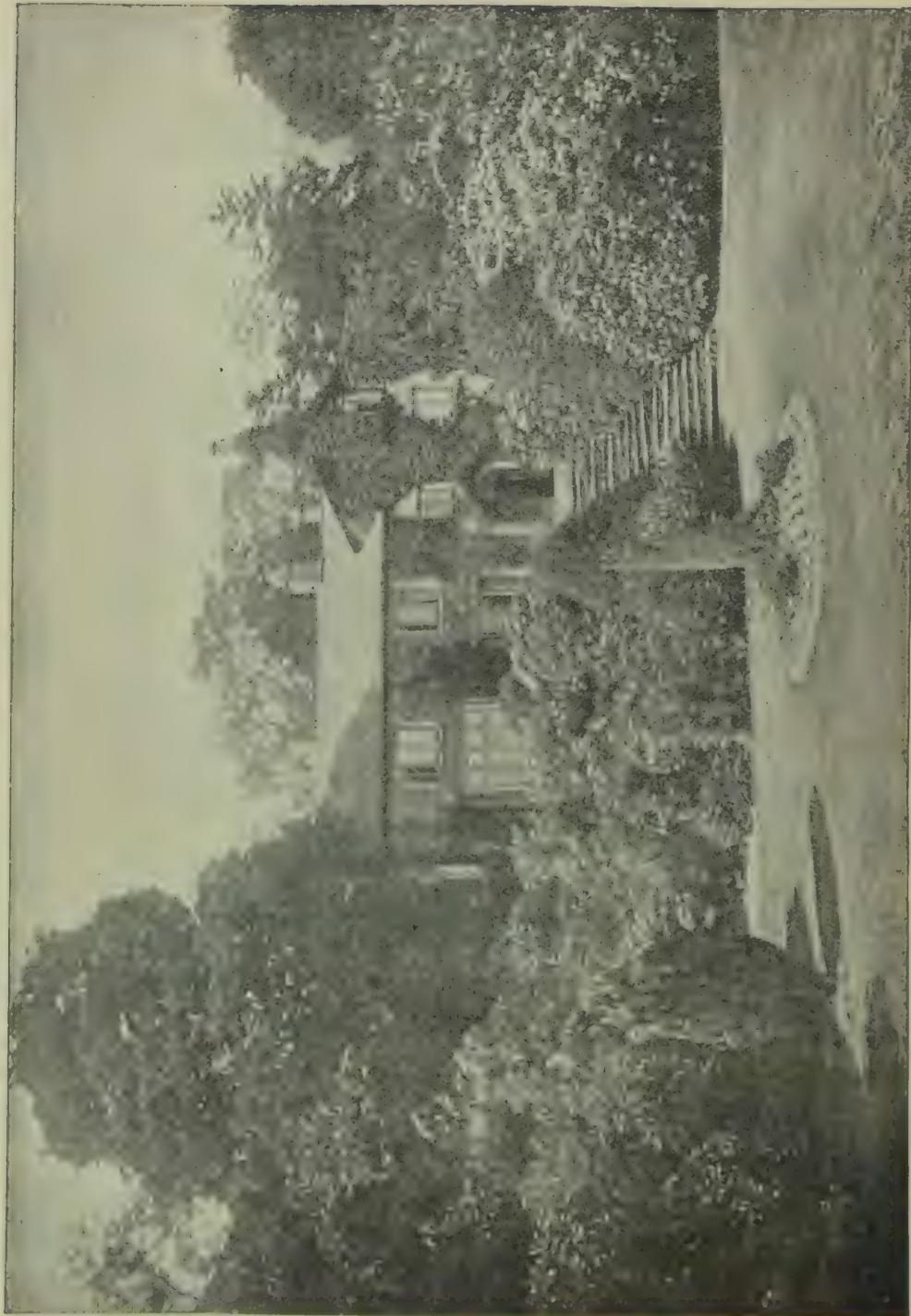
Wordsworth went a step further, and held that *all words*, however ordinary and common and everyday they may be, are fit for use in poetry.

12. Wordsworth was quite right in saying that a

thing may be poetical even if it is *not* written in the usual language of poets; but he was wrong when he said that *all* ordinary words are fit for poetry. One of the greatest charms of poetry is its choice of sweet and musical words which carry with them lofty and beautiful ideas.

13. In 1802 Wordsworth married and moved into Dove Cottage, where he worked hard at his great poem, *The Excursion*. When finished, it consisted of nine books, and ran to many thousands of lines. *The Excursion* appeared in 1814. It brought its author very little money, if any, but a great deal of abuse. One of the great Edinburgh writers of the day wrote about it, and began by saying, "This will never do." He was mistaken; it has been "doing" ever since, and has made its way steadily upward until it is now considered one of the greatest poems in the language.

14. I need not give you a list of the other poems which Wordsworth wrote. Many of his shorter pieces are very beautiful, and some of them are so simply expressed that all can understand and enjoy them. At the same time there are many passages in his longer poems which are as majestic as the strains of Milton himself. In that form of verse known as the sonnet he was not excelled, even by Milton.



RYDAL MOUNT.
(From a photo by G. P. Abraham.)

15. Wordsworth did not make much money by his poetry ; but he was never very poor like some of the poets whose lives we have read in this book. A friend obtained for him a government post which brought him in £500 a year without taking up very much of his time. In 1843 he succeeded his friend Robert Southey as Poet Laureate. Seven years later, when he was within a few days of his eightieth birthday, he sank peacefully into his grave.

52. TO THE LESSER CELANDINE.

1. Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises ;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory ;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story :
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine.*

2. Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,

* The common pilewort, a British flower of the buttercup species.

Spreading out thy glossy breast
 Like a careless prodigal ; *
 Telling tales about the sun,
 When we've little warmth, or none.

3. Comfort have thou of thy merit, †
 Kindly, unassuming spirit ! ‡
 Careless of thy neighbourhood,
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face
 On the moor, and in the wood,
 In the lane ;—there's not a place,
 Howsoever mean it be,
 But 'tis good enough for thee.
4. Ill befall the yellow flowers,
 Children of the flaring hours ! §
 Buttercups that will be seen,
 Whether we will see or no ;
 Others, too, of lofty mien ; ||
 They have done as worldlings ¶ do,
 Taken praise that should be thine,
 Little, humble celandine.

* Spendthrift.

† Soothe yourself with the knowledge that you deserve to be well thought of.

‡ Modest ; not pushing oneself forward.

§ Buttercups which come in the hot, bright days of summer.

|| Haughty bearing.

¶ Those wholly given up to the things of this world.

Lake Windermere and Ambleside.



53. CHARLES DICKENS.—I.

1. You already know that from the earliest times, right down to the days of Edmund Spenser, all our great writers told stories, chiefly in verse. About the time of Spenser they turned from story-telling to the drama—that is, they constructed living pictures of men and manners for the stage. For nearly a hundred years they spent their best energies on play-writing. Then, at last, as the plays became poor in quality, men tired of the drama, and were ready to read stories once more.

2. Now the stories which give us most pleasure are fictions—that is, they are not true, but are invented. The more life-like these invented stories are, the more real the characters are made to appear, the better we are pleased with them. Some writers are so skilful in this kind of work that we seem to look into the hearts and minds of their characters, and to know them as well as we know our own friends.

3. A long story in which men and women reveal themselves at work, at play, in love or in hate, in the family circle or in public life, is called a novel. Hundreds of novels are now published every year, and the best of them give us real pleasure and refreshment.

4. The man who first made the novel as great a force as the drama had been was Samuel Richardson, a London printer, who published his first book in the year 1740. He and a group of writers who followed him wrote novels which take a high place in our literature. From the time of Richardson onwards novels were constantly written ; but when Sir Walter Scott was a young man most of them were so poor that no people of taste and cultivation wasted their time in reading them.

5. Sir Walter, you know, was the father of the historical novel. Before, however, he had published "Waverley," a little Hampshire lady, named Jane Austen, had written novels which pictured the quiet family life of her neighbours in a perfectly wonderful way. She is, even now, considered to be one of the six greatest British novelists.

6. Sir Walter made the novel popular amongst all classes of readers, and then writers of genius again began to give themselves up to fiction. Four years after the "Wizard of the North" was laid in his grave in Dryburgh Abbey, two of the greatest novelists the world has ever known had begun their careers. They were William Makepeace Thackeray and Charles Dickens. I shall now give you an outline of the life of Dickens, not because

he was a greater novelist than Thackeray, but because you will find his story more interesting.

7. Charles Dickens was born at Landport in Portsea on Friday, February 7, 1812. Four years later his father, who was a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, was removed to Chatham; and here Dickens, as "a very queer small boy," went to school, read all sorts of books, visited Gadshill, where Falstaff robbed the travellers, admired the house which stood on the highest part of the hill, and determined "to be very persevering and to work very hard, so that some day he might come to live in it."

8. In little Charlie's tenth year the Dickens family left their happy home in Chatham and settled down in a mean London street, where the boy was wretched. His education was quite neglected, and he felt this keenly, because from his earliest years he wished to grow up to be "a learned and distinguished man."

9. As time went on the family became still poorer, and at last the father was imprisoned for debt. Then almost everything the family owned was pawned or sold, and little Charles had to turn out and work for his own living. A relative who had a business gave him employment at six shillings a week, and the poor little fellow began a life of drudgery and privation in a blacking warehouse.

He lived in miserable lodgings, and his greatest difficulty was to get enough to eat.

10. Wretched as the boy was, the trials and misfortunes of his youth proved of the greatest value to him in after life. His poverty brought him into contact with the homes and haunts of the very poor, with their modes of life, their speech, their joys, their sorrows, their hopes and fears. Hard and bitter as his life was at this time, it was part of the apprenticeship which he had to serve before he could produce his great stories.

11. Two years later, the boy's father came into some money, which enabled him to leave the prison and make a fresh start in life. To his great joy Dickens was taken away from the blacking warehouse and sent to a private school, where, like Sir Walter Scott, he proved himself to be a capital story-teller.

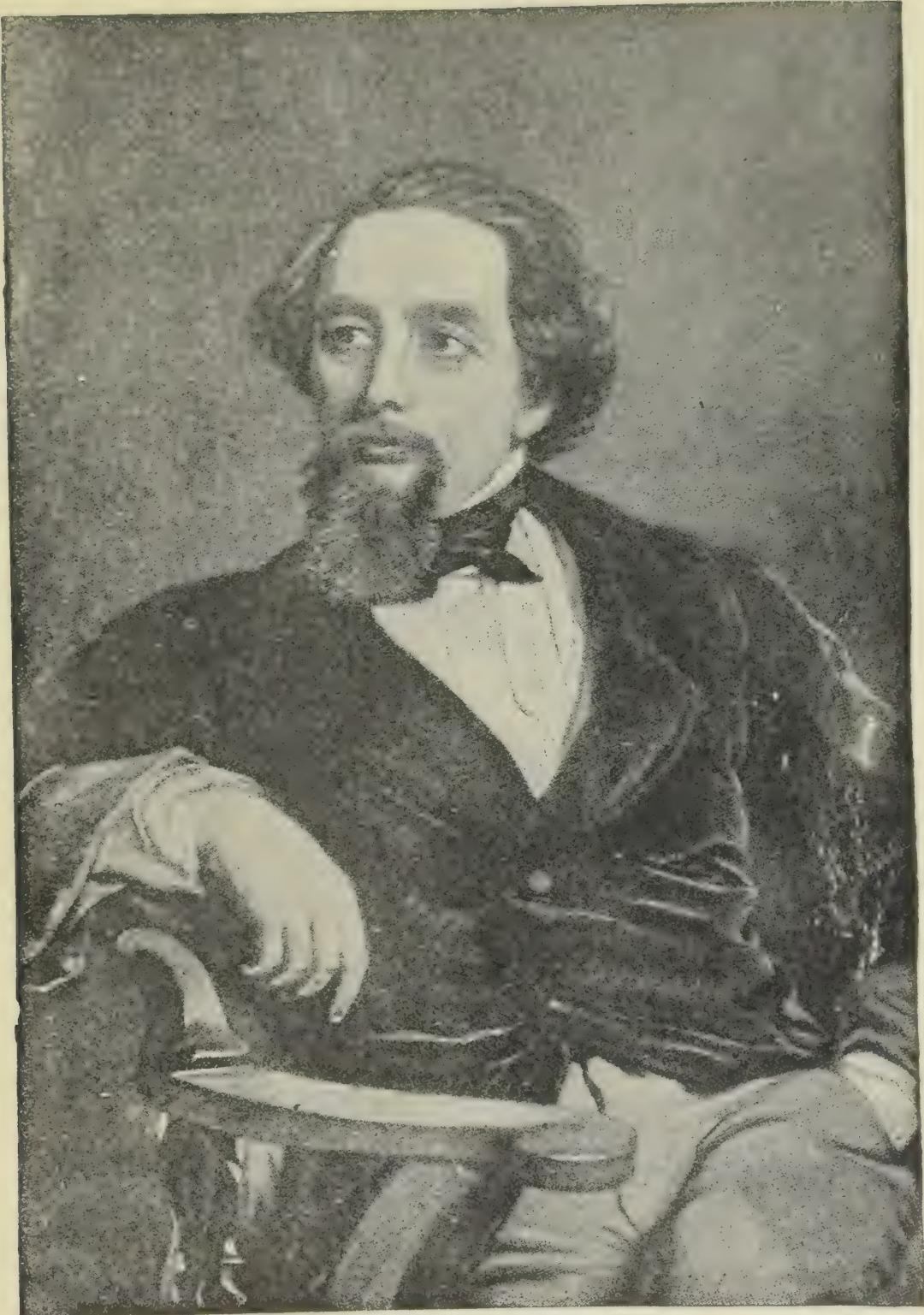
12. A few years later he was removed to another school, where he was very happy and made good progress. When his schooldays came to an end he became a clerk in a lawyer's office. In his leisure hours he studied diligently, and began to learn shorthand.

13. When he was nineteen years of age he joined the staff of a newspaper, and entered the gallery of the House of Commons, where his father was also

engaged as a reporter. When Parliament was "up" he was frequently sent into the country to report speeches, and his experiences "on the road" afterwards found a place in many of his novels.

14. He was now a journalist, and was soon to be an author. He wrote a sketch, which he signed "Boz," from the nickname which a young brother gave him. One evening at twilight in December 1833 he went with a throbbing heart up a dark court and dropped the manuscript into a letter-box. Some days later he bought the *Monthly Magazine*, and to his joy saw himself in print. He tells us that he then "walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour: because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there."

15. Dickens wrote ten sketches for the *Monthly Magazine*, and afterwards continued the series for another paper. In the spring of 1836 they were collected, and published in book form under the title of "Sketches by Boz." At once they attracted attention. Readers were charmed with their good humour, their abundant fun, and their wonderful powers of observation. Dickens had now placed his foot on the first rung of the ladder of literary fame.



CHARLES DICKENS.

Born 1812; died 1870.

(From the portrait by W. P. Frith.)

54. CHARLES DICKENS.—II.

1. In the year that “Sketches by Boz” appeared, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the publishers, asked Dickens to write the letterpress for a number of sporting pictures, which they were about to issue in monthly parts. Dickens agreed, and at once began his famous “*Pickwick Papers*.”

2. In the fifth number he introduced Sam Weller, and immediately “*Pickwick Papers*” became the talk of the town. Sam’s sayings became catchwords, everybody quoted them, and thousands of people eagerly awaited the issue of the next part. The binder had prepared 400 copies; more than 40,000 were sold!

3. “*Pickwick Papers*” was not a novel, but a series of sketches loosely strung together. Its sole object was to amuse, and it has certainly produced more hearty and harmless laughter than any other book in the language. Its gaiety and good humour, its flow of animal spirits, and its keen knowledge of middle and lower class life fascinated everybody; and Dickens became, at a bound, the most popular writer in the country.

4. Before the “*Pickwick Papers*” were finished he was hard at work on his first real novel, “*Oliver Twist*,” which was followed in quick succession by

“Nicholas Nickleby,” “The Old Curiosity Shop,” and “Barnaby Rudge.” “Oliver Twist” does not seem to have been so popular at first as its fellow-stories, but “Nicholas Nickleby” was even more successful than “Pickwick.”

5. “Barnaby Rudge” did not greatly attract, but “The Old Curiosity Shop” made ample amends. It contains the story of “Little Nell,” one of the sweetest and most pathetic characters in all fiction. As the story unfolded itself, and it became evident that Little Nell was to die, a friend wrote to Dickens and begged him to let her live. Alas! he could not do so, and the death scene which he wrote drew tears from the eyes of thousands.

6. The works which I have mentioned brought Dickens much fame. He was the best known literary man of the time, and wherever he went he was received with princely honours. Money poured in on him, and he was able to live in great comfort.

7. You must remember that his novels all came out in weekly parts, and the strain of this constant and exhausting work now began to tell on him. After a serious illness in the year 1841, he made a voyage to America in the hope of restoring his health. The Americans were delighted to see him, and they showed him much kindness. On his return

to England he wrote his “American Notes,” which gave great offence to many people in the United States. Out of this journey sprang his novel, “Martin Chuzzlewit.”

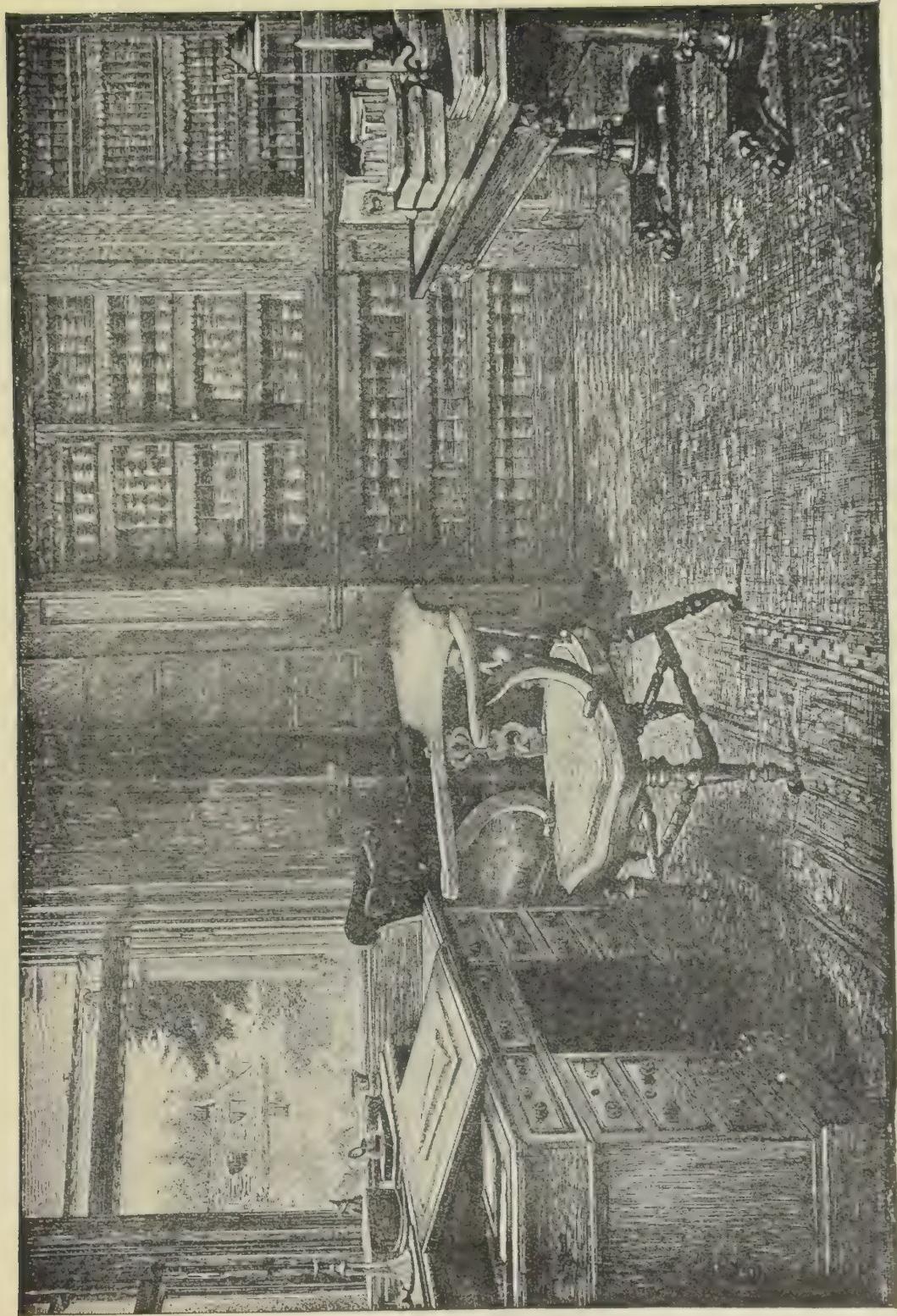
8. The book had only a moderate sale, and Dickens was much cast down. He soon revived, however, and wrote his “Christmas Carol,” the first of his charming series of Christmas stories. The “Carol” was published a few days before Christmas, and had an astonishing success. Thackeray said, “It is a national benefit, and to every man and woman who reads it, a personal kindness.”

9. In 1846 Dickens became the first editor of the *Daily News*, but he soon gave up this post and left London for Switzerland, where he wrote “Dombey and Son,” which was so successful that it brought him nearly £3,000. He was now at the very top of his fame, and in 1849 began to publish the most popular of all his works, “David Copperfield,” and to edit a weekly magazine, *Household Words*. For the rest of his life he gave much of his energy and thought to this journal and to its successor, *All the Year Round*.

10. The great strain which all this work entailed robbed him of his strength, but he worked just as hard as ever. At the beginning of 1853 he undertook to give a public reading in Birmingham.

THE EMPTY CHAIR, GADSHILL, NINTH OF JUNE, 1870.

(From the picture by Sir Luke Fildes, R.A. By permission of the "Graphic.")



He read his “Christmas Carol” in the Town Hall, which was crowded with people, and so great was his success that requests for similar readings came to him from all parts of the country. This was the beginning of those public readings which were afterwards to exhaust him so much that they may be said to have killed him.

11. In March 1856 Dickens realized the great ambition which he had cherished ever since he was “a very queer small boy.” He became the possessor of Gadshill Place, which now became his regular place of abode. In the grounds of the house he set up a Swiss chalet, in which he did much of his writing.

12. In 1858 he began to give public readings, not for charities as formerly, but for profit. He toured all over the British Isles, and was everywhere received with great enthusiasm. He made £500 a week, but the strain on him was very great, especially as he was working on his novels at the same time.

13. In February 1866 he went to America, and found that the generous people of the United States had quite forgiven him. He read in all the principal towns, but was frequently so “dead beat” at the close of the evening that he could scarcely stand.

14. On his return to England he continued to read in public, but was soon forced to give up this kind of work altogether. In the autumn of 1869 he began "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," which, even as a fragment, is one of the greatest novels that he ever wrote. He worked hard at the book, but he never lived to finish it.

15. On June 8, 1870, he left the chalet and came into the house, where he said a few words to his sister-in-law, and suddenly fell to the ground. He never spoke again. He died the next evening, having lived but four months beyond his fifty-eighth year.

16. The news of his death shot a pang of sorrow into thousands of homes. From the queen down to the humblest peasant all mourned as if a dear friend had been taken from them. The nation felt that there was only one fit resting-place for him, and that was Westminster Abbey. And here, in Britain's Temple of Fame, amidst the great dead of our race, we leave "the good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens, every inch of him an honest man."

17. Dickens was the novelist of the people. He knew little of the rich and great, but he knew everything of the poor and the middle-class. Their joys, sorrows, strength, and weakness he understood

and interpreted with the utmost knowledge and sympathy. The life which he pictured has almost passed away, but his books are still eagerly read.

18. Those who love the man and his works speak of him as "The Master." They have formed a society to keep his memory green, and to spread around that spirit of kindly and helpful brotherhood which he so nobly taught and practised in his life and works.

55. DICKENS IN CAMP.

1. Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
 The river sang below ;
The dim Sierras,* far beyond, uplifting
 Their minarets† of snow ;
2. The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted
 The ruddy tints of health
On haggard‡ face and form, that drooped and
 fainted
 In the fierce race for wealth :§

* Chain of mountains with saw-like ridges; name of a range of mountains in Western America.

† Tall, slender towers.

‡ Wasted by want and suffering.

§ The men round the camp-fire were gold miners.

3. Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded* volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless
leisure†
To hear the tale anew.
4. And then, while round them shadows gathered
faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."
5. Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.
6. The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with Nell on English
meadows
Wandered, and lost their way;
7. And so, in mountain solitude—o'er taken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them, like the needles
shaken
From out the gusty pine.

* Carefully preserved.

† Uninterested men off work.

8. Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire—

And he who wrought that spell?

Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,

Ye have one tale to tell !

9. Lost is that camp ! but let its fragrant story *

Blend with the breath that thrills

With hop-vines' incense† all the pensive ‡ glory

That fills the Kentish hills.

10. And on that grave where English oak and holly

And laurel wreaths entwine,

Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,§

This spray of Western pine.

BRET HARTE.

56. ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

1. This book began with a poet, and it ends with a poet. This is as it should be, for poetry is “the queen of arts,” the highest triumph of language, and “the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge.” Between the days of Shakespeare and the present year of grace there have been hundreds of British poets whose writings have enriched our literature.

* As pleasant to hear as a sweet scent is to smell.

† Odours from spices which are burned in the course of religious services.

‡ Giving rise to sad thoughts.

§ Do not consider it foolish and forward.

You know something of the outstanding men amongst this glorious throng, but there are many of the highest rank—such as Shelley, Keats, Lord Byron, and Robert Browning—whom I must now pass over in silence.

2. To-day we will read of a great poet who did his best work within the memory of living men. His name was Alfred Tennyson, and he was born three years before Dickens. Like Goldsmith, he was a son of the parsonage; his father was rector of Somersby, in Lincolnshire.

3. In Tennyson's boyhood there was no merrier place in the land than the old rectory at Somersby, for it contained eleven happy and clever children. There were three tall and handsome boys in this large family—Frederick, Charles, and Alfred. They could all tell a good story and write verses, but the brightest and best of the three was Alfred, the youngest born.

4. At seven years of age the boy was sent to Louth Grammar School, where he spent four miserable years. In the holidays, however, he was perfectly happy. Then he wandered on the "Wolds" and in the woods, and watched with eager eyes the wild life about him.

5. All his life long Tennyson was a keen observer of nature. He knew every tree and every wild

flower in the whole countryside ; he studied leaf and bud and flower, the butterflies, the birds, the stars, and the rocks ; and in his poems we find a thousand references to the things which he had carefully noticed during his long, lonely walks.

6. In his eighteenth year he and his brother Charles published a little volume of verse, and in the next year he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. He cared little for the studies of the place, and gave much of his time to verse writing and to talking about men and books with a select group of friends.

7. One of these friends was Henry Hallam, who was dearer to him than a brother. During his residence at the university Tennyson won a gold medal for his poem of *Timbuctoo*, and Thackeray, who was a fellow-student, wrote a set of comic verses making great fun of it. In the next year Tennyson published a second little volume of verse, and shortly afterwards returned home to find his mother dying.

8. After her death, which was a great grief to him, Tennyson travelled abroad with his friend Hallam, and three years later gave to the world his first important book of poetry. Many faults were found with it, and Tennyson was much hurt at the unkind things which were said about his work. Nevertheless he did not lose heart, but continued



TENNYSON AT FARRINGFORD.
(From the painting by Norman Little.)

writing, and every day grew more and more skilful in his art.

9. In the year 1833 his friend Hallam suddenly died. This was a cruel blow to Tennyson, but out of it sprang one of the noblest laments in the language—*In Memoriam*. Before, however, this work appeared Tennyson had been recognized as the foremost poet of his time.

10. When Wordsworth, the Poet Laureate, died, Tennyson was chosen as his successor. His duty now was to write poems on great events in the history of the royal family and of the nation. His first work of this kind was a noble *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*.

11. A more important poem soon followed, and Tennyson, who was now married, found himself able to buy a house called Farringford, in the Isle of Wight. Here he settled down to quiet country life. He swept his garden walks, tended his flowers, played with his children, and was very happy.

12. Tennyson had long known and loved Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, about which you read in Book III., and he had already written a few poems on subjects taken from Malory's book. He now began to turn many of the old stories into beautiful verses, which have given great delight to tens of thousands of readers. In Book III. I told you two of these

stories—*Gareth and Lynette* and *Sir Galahad*—and I hope that you will soon read them in Tennyson's own words. You will be sure to find them very beautiful.

13. Tennyson now built himself another home at Aldworth, in Surrey. It stood on the high ridge of hills not far from Haslemere, and commanded a wide and beautiful view. When he was sixty-five years of age he wrote his first play, *Queen Mary*, which his friend, Sir Henry Irving, produced in London. Two other plays followed, *Harold* and *Becket*, but none of them showed his genius at its best.

14. In the year 1884 the queen wished to make him a peer, and after some hesitation he accepted the honour, and became Baron Tennyson of Aldworth and Farringford. Three years later his eldest son died, and though "the thought of Lionel's death tore him to pieces," he found solace in his work and in sharing the griefs and sorrows of others.

15. Tennyson had always been a man of deep religious faith, and he had always loved to hear certain passages from the Bible read to him. In none of his poems does his faith shine out more brightly than in the exquisite verses which he wrote in his eighty-first year.

16. The poem is called *Crossing the Bar*. It begins and ends as follows:—

“Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

* * * *

“For though from out our bourne of Time
and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.”

He “crossed the bar” on October 6, 1892, aged eighty-three years and two months, and he lies buried with the noblest of British singers in Westminster Abbey.

17. In earlier books of this series you have read some of Tennyson’s shorter poems. In these, as well as in the longer poems, which you will read later on, he shows clearly that he was a master of English song. He took the greatest pains to make his work as perfect as possible, and it is one of his glories that nothing common, mean, or base ever fell from his pen.

57. CONCLUSION.

1. If you climb to the heathery moorlands of our northern hills, you will find here and there trickling, uncertain streamlets which do not seem to have decided in which direction to run. Gradually, however, you will find these streamlets coming together and forming a brook, which goes helter-skelter down a valley and foams along a boulder-strewn bed until at last it becomes a fair, broad river, meandering through rich green meadows spangled with bright flowers, and fringed with noble trees.

2. Somewhat in the same way we may trace the course of our English literature. There were many boulders to impede the stream until the invention of printing, which, as you know, first brought books within the reach of the many, and, therefore, encouraged gifted men to devote themselves to the work of writing books. When printing became an everyday art, English literature began to flow on as a fair, full, and ever-broadening river.

3. In this book I have told you the life-stories of many great men who have been tributaries to this noble stream. Every tributary which runs into the main river brings with it its own particular waters, and the tribute of no two streams is exactly alike. Every stream has its own special properties,

and these are combined and mingled in the broad river which flows on to fertilize and refresh the land and to serve the needs of men.

4. So it is with our English literature. Thousands of writers have given their best to it through the ages, and they have left us a priceless heritage of all that they have thought and felt and seen, and set down in glorious words. Joy, refreshment, comfort, and wisdom may all be obtained from this heritage, and we are most foolish if through neglect or indifference we deprive ourselves of the blessings which are so freely offered to us.

5. "The habit of reading," says one of our leading novelists, "is the only enjoyment I know in which there is no alloy. It lasts when all other pleasures fade. It will be there to support you when all other recreations are gone. It will be present to you when the energies of your body have fallen away from you. It will last you until your death. It will make your hours pleasant to you as long as you live."

6. "But, my friends, you cannot acquire this habit of reading in your age; you cannot acquire it in middle age; you must do it now, when you are young. You must learn to read and to like reading now, or you cannot do so when you are old."

EXERCISES.

(To be worked under the direction of the teacher.)

LESSON 1.

1. From a map verify the statement that Stratford stands in "the heart of England."
2. Describe Shakespeare's house from the picture on page 9.
3. Make sentences containing the following words : Stratford, borough, rural, placid, meanders, league, industries, civilized, revel, spangle, homage, memory, endowed, glorious, suburbs, pausing, recesses, romantic, citizen, century, portion.

Note.—Look up in a dictionary all the words which you do not know.

4. *Rural* means belonging to the country. What word means belonging to the town? What adjective would you use to describe a man of rough, country manners? What adjective would you use to describe a man of polished, easy, town manners?

5. Divide the following sentences into subject, predicate, and object:—The town has no industries. He knew and loved every bird, beast, and flower. We see these words. John Shakespeare bought the place. He united the houses.

LESSON 2.

1. Write an account of the coloured picture on page 11.
2. Describe the Shakespeare bust on page 14.
3. Make sentences containing the following words : reverence, signatures, diamond, remainder, museum, library, portraits, editions, grammar, exercises, signet, initials, described, rear, guide, received,

EXERCISES.

education, cherish, picturesque, monogram, famous, foundations, sward, theatre, memorial, majestic, approached, avenue, verge, acre, chancel, cushion, hazel, doublet.

4. Write out in modern English the inscription on Shakespeare's grave.

5. Write down six nouns, each standing for a part of Shakespeare's house, as kitchen, staircase, etc. Put an adjective before each of these nouns, and make sentences containing them.

LESSON 3.

1. Make an outline drawing of Shakespeare's bust.

2. Describe Anne Hathaway's cottage as shown on page 13.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: comedy, icicles, shepherd, foul, staring, greasy, coughing, brooding, roasted, chaliced.

4. What signs of winter are mentioned on page 16? Give corresponding signs for summer.

5. Analyze the following sentences into subject, predicate, and object (if any): -Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail. Tom bears logs. Coughing drowns the parson's saw. Blood is nipped. Marian's nose looks red and raw. Greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

LESSON 4.

1. Describe the view of Stratford given on page 19.

2. What living creatures other than men and women are mentioned in Lessons 3 and 4? Say what you know about three of them.

3. Find out the meaning of the following words, and put each of them in a sentence: deal, satchel, serious, lithe, hose, truant, delicious, squirrels, antlered, vision, trout, magnet, entertaining, gracious, majesty, wondrous, heroes, glimpse, treble, fashion, dismissing, thoroughfare, mischievous, wainscotted, woeful, problems, probably, disperse, salutes, wrestling, scourge, concludes.

4. Compare your school day with that of Shakespeare.

5. Suppose you have visited Stratford-on-Avon. Write a letter to a cousin in Australia describing the town.

LESSON 5.

1. Try to make a drawing of a spider's web.
2. What do you learn about the size of the fairy queen from the song on page 25?
3. Make sentences containing the following words: brier, sphere, orbs, pensioners, rubies, favours, freckles, savours, elves, tongue, melody, lullaby, weaving, approach, offence.
4. Write out the *prepositions* in the songs given on pages 5 and 6. Indicate the noun in the objective case which follows each preposition.

LESSON 6.

1. Describe the coloured picture on page 23.
2. Make a sketch map showing Shakespeare's route from Stratford to London by way of Oxford.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: business, marriage, dower, relief, style, absent, justice, reign, practice, expeditions, whipped, revenge, vengeance, comfortable, auburn.
4. Describe London Bridge from the drawing on page 28.
5. Words which are added to *verbs* to show *how*, *when*, and *where*, or *in what degree* something is done, are called *adverbs*. Pick out the adverbs in the songs on pages 5 and 6. Indicate the verb to which each of them is added.

LESSON 7.

1. Make an outline drawing of the Globe Theatre (page 34). What is the meaning of the flag flying from the flagstaff?
2. A person who writes plays is called a playwright. What do you call (a) a person who writes dramas, (b) a person who writes good verses, (c) a person who makes music, (d) a person who paints good pictures?
3. Make sentences containing the following words: compared, enormous, considered, imagine, novel, bustling, lodging, travelled, remarkable, knowledge, existed, earned, livelihood, employment, performance, vacant, visitors, actors, rogues, vagabonds, obliged, protection, circumstances, actually, interested, characters.
4. Which would you rather be—one who writes plays or one who performs them? Give reasons for your choice.

EXERCISES.

5. Look at these two sentences : I wander *on*. I wander *on* the hill. *On* in the first sentence is an *adverb*. *On* in the second sentence is a *preposition*. If the doubtful word is followed by a noun or a pronoun, it is a *preposition*; if not, it is an *adverb*. Make sentences using the following words as adverbs and prepositions : down, near, up, by, out, behind, through.

LESSON 8.

1. Study the frontispiece carefully and describe it.
2. In what way does a play differ from a story told in a book ?
3. Make sentences containing the following words : expensive, justice, charity, priests, impression, seasons, creation, introduced, comic, pantomime, roamed, regular, circular, admission, signal, recognized, apprentice, jostled, respectable, avoided, flourish, costumes, canopy, tragedy, violent, movable, indicated, balcony, arrangements, permitted, expense, humour, monarchs.
4. The Latin verb *porto* means "I carry." It occurs in many English words as *port*. Write down six English words containing *port*.

LESSON 9.

1. Why does the poet praise the month of September ?
2. Compare September with May.
3. Try to write an acrostic (in rhyme if possible).
4. Make sentences containing the following words : acrostic, initial, degree, extol, divine, renowned, honour.
5. Adverbs are sometimes added to *adjectives* or to other *adverbs* to show *how much*. Point out the adverbs in the following sentences, and say to which adjectives or adverbs they are added :—

She is a very good singer. I am extremely sorry for you. I will come very gladly. The king was very much pleased. We made a rather rapid journey. Your sum is quite right.

LESSON 10.

1. What flowers are mentioned in the lessons which you have already read ? Say what you know of three of them.
2. Why do people like to see plays acted ?
3. Make sentences containing the following words : comedy, pomp-

ous, constable, surrounding, marvel, language, opportunities, possessed, marvellous, genius, yielded, secrets, legends, romances, popular, jealous, admirers, courtiers, presence, successor, rapt, fascinating, prosperity, property, shrewdness, gossip, daffodils, bourne, literature.

4. Do not use *adjectives* for *adverbs*. Do not write, He sings *beautiful*, but, He sings *beautifully*. Correct the following, How pretty Mary walks! It is done shocking. He wrote it *beautiful*. He done it *grand*. Run *quick*. Tell him to go *slow*. He has very *near* finished his dinner.

LESSON 11.

1. In what way does Prospero resemble Shakespeare?
2. "Cock-a-diddle-dow," imitates the cry of a cock. What words imitate the cry of (a) a horse, (b) a cow, (c) a donkey, (d) a sheep, (e) a dog?
3. Make sentences containing the following words: courtesied, whist, feately, sprites, burthen, chanticleer, fathom, nymphs, knell, couch.
4. The Latin prefix *ad* means "to." Write down six English words, such as admire, adopt, which contain this prefix.

LESSON 12.

1. What is the difference between a tragedy and a comedy?
2. Describe the picture on page 46.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: appreciate, prosperity, misery, wretchedly, opposite, respect, fickle, suspected, worshipped, mourning, serpent, sentinels, vanished, battlements, ghost, beckoned, revenge, beseeching, vision.
4. Write down the names of six things connected with a castle, and put each word into a sentence.

LESSON 13.

1. Describe the coloured picture on page 42.
2. Write out and learn the following advice which Hamlet gives to the players:—
"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it as so many of your actors

do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness."

3. Make sentences containing the following words: solemn, appearance, reason, incapable, deceived, conclusion, counsellor, oppressed, rudeness, interfere, resolution, decided, distracted, recite, recitation, murderer, victim, confessed, immediately, invited, retired, excited.

4. The Latin verb *fero* means "I bear." There are many English words which contain this Latin word in the form of *fer*, as *refer* or *offer*. Write down six words containing *fer*.

LESSON 14.

1. Say how the following persons came by their death: Polonius, Laertes, the Queen, Claudius, and Hamlet.

2. Describe the coloured picture on page 59.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: suspected, instructed, crafty, interrupted, honoured, seized, detained, violence, ducat, pleaded, difference, usurped, mildew, invisible, whet, blunted, banished, pirates, funeral, procession, headstrong, frantic, grappled, attendants, persuaded, challenge, bout, foils, advantages, fencers, resumed, shrieked, treachery, traitor, repenting, commended.

4. Make two sentences out of each of the following by using sentence-joiners:—

Polonius was a crafty old man; he was quite willing to play the spy.

At this the queen grew angry; she was about to leave the room.

Polonius was indeed dead; Hamlet pretended not to care.

The fight began; Laertes played with Hamlet.

Divide each of these sentences into subject, predicate, and object (if any).

LESSON 15.

1. What good lessons do we learn from this poem?

2. Write out, as a specimen of your best handwriting, the following:—

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

3. Make sentences containing the following words : content, perplexed, punishment, vexed, patiently.

4. The Latin prefix *con* means "together." There are many English words which begin with *con*. Write down six of them.

LESSON 16.

1. Explain how Rosalind and Orlando first met.

2. Write out, in your best writing, the following passage :—

Celia. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Rosalind. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be called?

Celia. Something that hath a reference to my state :

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

[*Note.*—*Aliena* means "some other girl."]

3. Make sentences containing the following words : relief, laughable, provinces, trickery, dominions, discourse, ingratitudo, separated, exiled, console, wrestling, opponents, unpractised, encounter, distinguish, courage, champion, parentage, humour, valuable, attire, disguised, fatigue.

4. Join together the following pairs of sentences by using *who*, *whose*, or *that* :—

Once upon a time there was a duke ; he had a younger brother.

The duke had a daughter ; her name was Rosalind.

I saw a ship ; it was sailing towards the land.

Orlando helped the old man ; his name was Adam.

LESSON 17.

1. Write out a list of the chief persons in *As You Like It*, and in a few words, such as you would find on a play bill, describe each character.

2. In what ways does Shakespeare show us the character of Orlando?

3. Make sentences containing the following words : refreshed, decided, recovered, envious, devoted, generosity, desperate, graciously, protection, surprised, discovery, pert, counsel, council, advised, whims, remedy, explanations, amazement, tempted, fate, remorse.

4. The Latin verb *scribo* means "I write." There are many English words which contain this word in the form of *scribe* or *script*. Write down six words containing *scribe* or *script*.

LESSON 18.

1. Describe the picture on page 72.
2. Tell in your own words how the duke recovered his dukedom.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: introduced, fangs, amends, swooned, proposed, professed, prospect, magic, magician, celebrate, garb, mystery, rejoicing, messenger, enraged, vowed, hermit, atone, envy, desired, loyalty.
4. We can join sentences together by means of *who*, *whose*, *which*, *whom*, *that*. These words are called *relative pronouns*, because they relate or refer to some noun going before. A relative pronoun does the work of a sentence-joiner (conjunction), and of a pronoun. Underline the relative pronouns in the following sentences. Put two lines under the nouns or pronouns to which the relative pronouns refer:—

The man who seeks me can find me. Those whom I fear are far away. They mislaid the books which I bought. Is this the horse that you want? She of whom I spoke is absent.

LESSON 19.

1. Compare life in the greenwood with life in the town. Which do you prefer? Give reasons.
2. What do you notice about the rhyme in the third and fourth lines of verse 2, page 81. What does this teach you?
3. Why is the "green holly" introduced into the song on page 82?
4. Make sentences containing the following words: weather, ambition, ingratitude, feigning, benefits.
5. The Latin verb *jacio* means "I throw." It occurs in English words as *ject*. Write six words containing *ject*.

LESSON 20.

1. Write out and learn the following lines which Ben Jonson wrote about Shakespeare:—

“Soul of the age !

The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage !
 My Shakespeare rise ! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee a room :
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,
 And art alive still while thy book doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.”

Note.—Francis Beaumont was a playwright who was born in 1584 and died in 1616.

2. Compare the youth of Bacon with that of Shakespeare.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: mentioned, estate, university, splendour, luxury, studious, vault, curious, sleight, professor, ambassador, parliament, stripling, experienced, opponents, occasion, arrested, cedars, rebellion, scaffold, essays.
4. Ask teacher to let you have a little debate on the question, “Ought Bacon to have pleaded in court against Essex?”

LESSON 21.

1. Write a short essay on Bacon's saying: “God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures.”

2. Bacon believed that the right way to find out truth was to make experiments. What experiments can you make with a kettle to prove that water expands when heated? What happens to water when it is cooled?

3. Make sentences containing the following words: religion, revenge, marriage, envy, conference, virtue, natural, human, education, experience, knowledge, reverence, opportunities, suits, temptation, secrets, disease, disguise, explosion, relatives, grateful.

4. When using a *relative pronoun* place it as near as possible to the noun or pronoun to which it refers. Correct these sentences:—
 A house was built by a man that had a fine outlook. A table was bought by a stranger which was old and worm-eaten. He had a horse and cart which was broken-kneed and bony. Wanted a piano by a lady which has carved legs of old oak.

LESSON 22.

1. Write out the first verse of this poem, and in a parallel column the verses of the 90th Psalm which convey the same thoughts.
2. Notice the following phrases: "like a watch by night;" "as with a tide;" "like a mocking dream;" "as the grass." When we point out a likeness between two things which are quite different in other respects, we are said to use a *simile*. Write similes on the following subjects: man, sea, road, book.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: psalm, intercept, measure, thousand, unawares, term, meditation, mortality, bubble, vapour, consecrate.
4. The Latin prefix *de* means "apart" or "away from." Write down four words beginning with *de*, and containing parts of the Latin verbs which you have already learnt. Give the meaning of each of the words.

LESSON 23.

1. Explain the following: "The visitors knew that the island was unknown to the rest of the world, yet they found that the rest of the world was very well known to the people of the island."
2. Get teacher to let you have a debate on the King of Bensalem's belief that "mixing with other peoples led to misery and trouble."
3. Make sentences containing the following words: Utopia, realize, anxious, forcibly, contrary, unexplored, consumed, despair, horizon, eager, Christians, mansions, puzzled, inventions, discoveries, science, renowned, commerce, merchandise, magnificent, conquer, destruction, prosperity, conclusion, decided, natives, intercourse, passengers.
4. The relative pronoun *who* is always the *subject* of a sentence, and is therefore always in the *nominative case*. The relative pronoun *whom* either comes after a preposition or is the object of a sentence, and therefore is always in the *objective case*. Look at the sentence: She has a friend *who* she loves dearly. Is this sentence right? If not, put it right.

LESSON 24.

1. Why was the great temple of learning called Solomon's House?
2. What inventions mentioned in this lesson have we, which the people of Bacon's time had not?

3. What name is given to a garden in which all kinds of plants are grown for the purpose of study? What name is given to a garden containing a collection of wild animals? What name is given to a building in which the heavenly bodies are studied?

4. Make sentences containing the following words: benefit, college, professors, disguise, secretly, imports, hermits, control, diseases, artificial, orchards, factories, precious, fossils, explosives, geometry, instruments, plagues, droughts, interior, specimens, inventors, technical, museums, foreign.

5. The Latin verb *mitto* means "I send." It occurs in English words in the form *mit* or *mise*. Write down six words containing *mit* or *mise*.

LESSON 25.

1. Describe the coloured picture on page 101.

2. Write out and learn the following lines written by the poet Wordsworth about Milton:—

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

3. Make sentences containing the following words: exquisite, contracts, documents, poetry, affliction, tutor, studious, Baptist, promote, righteous, refined, delicate, finally, determined, profession, practised, serious, Italian.

4. Correct the following sentences: He is the man *who* you wish to see. *Who* do you think I saw? To *who* shall I go? He is the boy *whom* goes with me. Give reasons for your corrections.

LESSON 26.

1. Which poem do you prefer, *L'Allegro* or *Il Penseroso*? Give reasons.

2. Describe the coloured picture on page 104.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: melancholy, violets, whistle, furrow, whetting, scythe, peasants, wondrous, villagers,

tournament, bout, sage, follies, staid, raiment, curlew, cricket, demons, wizards, religious, pillars, choir, anthems.

4. The Latin prefix *pre* or *pro* means "before." Make four English words out of *pre* or *pro* and the Latin verbs which you already know.

LESSON 27.

1. Who was Comus? How did he differ from his mother Circe?
2. Describe the picture on page 110.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: masque, entertainment, serious, Galahad, attendant, Neptune, Britain, main, journeying, threatened, sorceress, magician, degraded, coarse, persuaded, guise, unruly, revelry, deceive, wayfarer.
4. Write down six words connected with a cathedral or church, and put each of them into a sentence.

LESSON 28.

1. Describe how the lady was freed from Comus and enabled to rise from the magic chair.
2. Point out some of the differences between *As You Like It* and *Comus*.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: travelling, cooling, whereabouts, cottage, rushlight, dreadful, assures, rescue, palace, dainties, astonished, traitor, hideous, release, nymphs, rejoicing, moral.
4. Write out and learn the verse of poetry which ends Lesson 28
5. The Latin prefix *in* or *im* means "into." Make four words out of *in* or *im* and the Latin verbs which you already know.

LESSON 29.

1. Write out and learn these lines, which Milton wrote on his blindness:—

"When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent, which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide ;
 'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?'
 I fondly ask : but patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies : 'God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

2. Make sentences containing the following words : advised, scholars, treasures, Puritans, bishops, ceremonies, Reformed, opposed, contrary, sprightly, disposition, execution, Commonwealth, property, generously, secretary, council, salary, affliction, honour, esteem, vengeance.

3. Use *who*, *whose*, or *whom* when the noun or pronoun to which it refers is a person (man, woman, boy, or girl). Use *which* when the noun or pronoun to which it refers is *not* the name of a person.

Correct the following : He had a dog to *whom* he was much attached. The servant *which* broke the china has gone away. I do not know the man *what* you *seen*. The ship *as* I sailed *in* was wrecked. He is a man *what* I like very much.

LESSON 30.

1. Describe the coloured picture on page 121.

2. Write out and learn the following opening lines from *Paradise Lost* :

" Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
 Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
 Sing, heavenly Muse."

3. The ancient Greeks said that there were nine goddesses who took under their special care the different kinds of art and literature. These goddesses were called Muses. *Clio* (*Klē'o*) was the muse of

history; *Euterpe* (Ü-ter'pē), of music; *Thalia* (Tha-lí'a), of comedy; *Melpomene* (Mel-pom'en-ē), of tragedy; *Terpsichore* (Terp-sik'ō-rē), of dancing; *Erato* (Er'a-tō), of love poetry; *Polyhymnia* (Pol-i-him'ni-a), of sacred poetry; *Urania* (Ü-rā'ni-a), of astronomy; and *Calliope* (Kal-i'o-pē), of the story poems of heroes.

4. Make sentences containing the following words: chapter, admired, neglected, sublime, visions, majestic, suburb, console, occupied, dictating, expulsion, malice, weapons, defeated, publisher, edition, poetical, atoned, declining, disposed, exercise, viol, conversed, gout.

5. The Latin verb *venio* means "I come." It occurs in English words in the form of *vent* or *vener*. Write down four words made up of *vent* or *vener* and the Latin verb that you have already learnt.

LESSON 31.

1. Write a little essay answering the question asked in the third line of verse one.

2. In what way is the blind boy's night different from yours?

3. Make sentences containing the following words: wondrous, hapless, patience, impatience, destroy, sunlight, moonlight, starlight, electric light, incandescent light.

4. Suppose John is speaking to Tom, and John says, "*You have a fine ship, Tom.*" This sentence, "You have a fine ship, Tom," gives us John's *own words*, just as they came from his mouth. When we write down the *exact words* which a person uses, we put them within what are called "inverted commas." Write out a short conversation with your neighbour about the weather, using inverted commas in the proper place.

LESSON 32.

1. Compare the youth of John Bunyan with (*a*) that of John Milton, (*b*) that of William Shakespeare.

2. What is an allegory? (See Book III., Lesson 19.) Show that the "Pilgrim's Progress" is an allegory.

3. Describe the coloured picture on page 124.

4. Make sentences containing the following words: respectable, "Pilgrim's Progress," translated, inspired, phrases, literature, cathedral,

orators, human, religions, neighbour, zeal, earnestly, attempts, lagged, jailer, released, allegory, assail, virtues, journey, syllables, equalled, errand, enmity, fatigue.

5. The Latin prefix *re* means "back again." Write down four English words consisting of *re* and forms of the Latin verbs which you already know.

LESSON 33.

1. Which of the "Johns" with whom you have made acquaintance in this book is your favourite? Give reasons.

2. What do you gather about Dryden's character from paragraphs 5 and 6?

3. Make sentences containing the following words: Christian, scroll, successor, afforded, lament, eminent, Royalist, Puritan, exile, immediately, deserts, relatives, popular, wasting, compelled, genius, progress, laureate.

4. The Latin verb *spiro* means "I breathe," and the prefix *in* means "into." Give the meaning of inspire, respiration, conspire, aspire.

LESSON 34.

* 1. Tell in your own words the Bible story of Absalom and Achitophel (2 Sam., chaps. xiii., xv., xvii., xviii.).

Note.—Achitophel is called Achitophel in the Bible.

2. Try to write three pairs of "rhyming couplets," such as you find in the verses on page 139.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: political, occupied, rebellious, counsellor, Biblical, forfeit, insist, scheme, thwarted, Catholic, Protestant, contempt, taunt, opponents, frenzy, ridicule, satires, inferior, stupidity, deviates, rhyme, perfection, poverty, elaborate, intemperate, monument.

4. You know that the exact words which a person uses in speaking are put between inverted commas. When we put a person's speech into *our own words* we do not need *inverted commas*. Thus, "You have a fine ship," said John to Tom (use inverted commas). John said that Tom had a fine ship (no inverted commas needed).

Write the following sentence so that it does not need inverted commas:—

The man said, "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

LESSON 35.

1. Write a short essay on the nightingale.
2. How many feet are there in each line of this poem? Try to write four lines of verse such as those which conclude the poem.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: myrtles, moan, forlorn, doleful, ditty, complain, refrain, reckless.
4. The Latin verb *sisto* means "I stop." It occurs in the form *sist*. Write down four words made up of *sist* and one of the prefixes which you already know.

LESSON 36.

1. "One man in his time plays many parts." What parts did Defoe play?
2. Write a little account of the early history of newspapers.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: millions, acquaintance, dissenting, hosiery, bankrupt, arrangement, creditors, opponents, arguments, pamphlets, factory, serious, pillory, release, legion, regular, initial, information, telegraph, telephone, communication, essays, thoroughly, pirates, solitude, basis, confusion, cemetery.
4. Put inverted commas and other stops in the following:—
What is the matter Friday says I Oh yonder there says he one
two three canoe Well Friday says I do not be frightened So I
heartened him up as well as I could

LESSON 37.

1. What are the advantages which sages have seen in a life of solitude? What are the disadvantages which you perceive?

2. Notice the rhyme in the first and third lines of verse 1. What does it teach you? Notice also the rhyme in the following lines from Pope:—

"Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea."

3. Make sentences containing the following words: monarch, survey, dispute, solitude, sages, humanity, indifference, unacquainted, desolate, cordial, endearing, compared, native, recollection, despair, season, cabin, encouraging, affliction, reconciles.

4. The Latin prefix *dis* means "apart" or "asunder." Write down six words containing this prefix.

LESSON 38.

1. Describe the portrait of Addison on page 152.
2. Why did fashionable folks in Queen Anne's day welcome the *Spectator*?
3. Make sentences containing the following words: rectory, mischievous, introduced, publishers, pension, tragedy, recommended, victory, parliament, viceroy, secretaryship, theatre, leisure, acquaintances, trivial, successor, imaginary, fashionable, spectator, experiences, adventures, cultured.
4. Write the following in such a form that it does not need inverted commas:—

"I am monarch of all I survey," said Alexander Selkirk. "My right there is none to dispute." Then he asked, "O Solitude! where are the charms that sages have seen in thy face?"

LESSON 39.

1. Describe the coloured picture on page 157.
2. Write out in your best writing the following from No. 2 of the *Spectator*:—

"The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger."

3. Make sentences containing the following words: contributed, introduced, descent, courteous, genial, gracious, charitable, whims, oddities, type, exercised, assizes, hassock, profited, instruction, congregation, surprised, recovering, devotion, diversion, presumes, tenants, inquires, reprimand, profitable, literary, extremely, celebrated, failure, grandeur, distinction, remorse, reverence.

4. The Latin verb *pono* means "I place." We find this word in English words in the form *pose*, *position*, *posit*, or *posite*. Write down ten words containing *pose* and one or other of the Latin prefixes which you already know. Give the meaning of each word.

LESSON 40.

1. Describe the coloured picture on page 160.
2. Write out in your best writing the following epitaph which Swift composed on himself:—

“ He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
 With all the turns of Whigs and Tories ;
 Was cheerful to his dying day,
 And friends would let him have his way.
 He gave the little wealth he had
 To build a house for fools and mad ;
 And showed by one satiric touch,
 No nation wanted it so much.”

3. Make sentences containing the following words : cherishing, education, delicate, discouraged, neglected, degree, rebellion, situation, disdainfully, brooded, neglect, patron, privately, chaplain, dismissed, Scripture, sections, discussion, opinions, deanery, detail, surgeon, journeyed, pigmy, giant, voyages, behaviour, lunatic.
4. Write down as many words as you can make up of *position* and one or other of the Latin prefixes which you already know.

LESSON 41.

1. Learn the extracts from *The Essay on Man*, page 172.
2. Write out in your own words the following lines from *The Rape of the Lock* :—

“ For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ;
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze ;
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China’s earth receives the smoking tide :
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.”

Mark the feet in each of these lines.

3. Make sentences containing the following words : compact, importance, career, social, occasion, conversation, generation, sensitive,

deformed, immense, numbers, recognized, methods, experience, sensation, sylphs, adventures, publication, grotto, opportunity, shrewd, quoted, intimate, petty.

4. The Latin prefix *trans* means "across." Write down as many words as you can containing this prefix.

LESSON 42.

1. What is the moral of this fable?
2. Put into your own words the reply of the calf, page 175, par. 6.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: civil, complied, bestial, creature, dew-besprinkled, doubles, measures, mazy, transport, betray, appealed, urgent, remarked, pulse, languid, complained, sustained, confessed, distressed, lament, adieu.
4. Write out the following, putting in stops and capitals where required:—

will you come to our house said tom to john and i will show you the ship that my uncle gave to me i shall be very glad to come replied john for I am very fond of ships i mean to be a sailor when I grow up how strange said tom i am going to be a sailor too we will sail on the same ship cried john.

LESSON 43.

1. Describe the picture on page 176.
2. Give examples of how Oliver Goldsmith "took after his father."
3. Make sentences containing the following words: lovable, parsonage, wayfarer, mercilessly, student, admitted, approval, ballads, favourite, medicine, brogue, incidents, chemist, doctor, correcting, private, miserable, mockery, magazines.
4. The Latin prefix *ob* (or *op*) means "against." Write as many words as you can containing this prefix and the parts of the Latin verbs which you already know.

LESSON 44.

1. Describe the picture on page 180.
2. Describe in your own words the schoolmaster of Lissoy.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: circumstances, emperor, message, bailiffs, manuscript, garret, aching, impressions,

features, squandered, cultivated, decent, portrays, exquisite, vagrant, relieved, unaffected, venerable, prevailed, sway, truant, severe, cipher, arguing, vanquished, rustics, comedy, attained, frailties.

4. Write out the following sentences in such a way that inverted commas are not needed :—“ Let me,” says she, “ your back ascend.” The Horse replied, “ Poor, honest Puss, it grieves my heart to see thee thus.” “ My back,” says he, “ may do harm.”

LESSON 45.

1. Describe Robert Burns's cottage as shown on page 186.
2. What is the difference between the poetry of Alexander Pope and that of Robert Burns?

3. Make sentences containing the following words : figured, hailed, bard, national, museum, exhibited, realize, educated, station, determined, diligent, knowledge, professor, prentice (apprentice), plough-share, revealed, ruined, artless, familiar, impelled, failure, plantation, author, prophesied, introduced, society, subscribed, flattery, existence.

4. The Latin verb *teneo* means “ I hold.” We find it in English words in the form of *tent* or *tain*. Write down words containing these forms, and one or other of the Latin prefixes which you already know.

LESSON 46.

1. Describe the coloured picture on page 193.
2. Write out and learn the following verse :—

“ Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
 Thou'l break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.”

Write out the Scottish words in this verse, and put the corresponding English words opposite to them.

3. Make sentences containing the following words : brief, laboured, excise, enfeebled, tormented, pathetic, memory, glorious, majestic,

fashioned, refused, cottar, Sabbath, greet, hearth, prattle, plies, scissors, arrives, ingle-nook, psalm, Testament, divine, assuring, grandeur, luxury, patriots, tyranny, ornament, guard.

4. Correct the following : Who belongs this bat ? I done it like him. He fell the jug. Look at yon house. It isn't him. Who is her ?

LESSON 47.

1. Find out all you can about the Battle of Bannockburn.
2. Make a list of the Scottish words in this poem, and place opposite to each of them the corresponding English word.
3. Make sentences containing the following words : gory, victory, lour, approach, traitor, knave, coward, oppression, servile, usurper, tyrants, liberty.
4. Write down the names of six implements used on a farm, and put each of them into a sentence.

LESSON 48.

1. Describe the coloured picture on page 196.
2. Compare the boyhood of Robert Burns and Walter Scott.
3. Make sentences containing the following words : wizard, monument, pinnacles, statue, remedies, succeeded, romantic, raid, foray, imaginative, incidents, distinguished, discovered, slink, assembled, enlighten, information, interested, topics, enchanted, impression, referred
4. The Latin prefix *re* means "again." Write down six words containing this prefix and one or other of the Latin verbs which you already know.

LESSON 49.

1. Describe the coloured picture on page 206.
2. Write out and learn the following opening lines from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* :—

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.

The last of all the bards was he
Who sung of Border chivalry."

Mark the feet in these lines. Compare them with Pope's lines in the exercise on Lesson 41.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: advocate, barrister, conditions, welcomed, diligently, management, famous, descriptions, brilliant, salary, leisure, connection, favourite, quarrelled, decided, armour, extensive, earnings.

4. Write the following in *direct speech* (needing inverted commas):—

Bruce then asked who would be a traitor knave.

He said that now was the day and now was the hour.

The warrior chief called upon his men to lay the proud usurpers low.

LESSON 50.

1. Describe the picture on page 208.
2. Write out in your best writing and learn the following passage from Scott, which would well serve as his own epitaph :—

“Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill !”

3. Make sentences containing the following words: popular, literature, sally, rescue, historical, anecdote, legend, entranced, anxieties, disappeared, bountiful, authorship, admired, furiously, baronet, dictated, adversity, creditors, drudged, disease, revenging, balmy, revived, delicious, audible.

4. The Latin verb *struo* means “I build.” We find it in English words in the form of *struct*. Write down six words containing *struct* and one or other of the Latin prefixes which you already know.

LESSON 51.

1. Describe the coloured picture on page 223.
2. Write out in your best writing and learn the following verse which Wordsworth wrote of another, but which specially applies to him :—

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
 His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
 The silence that is in the starry sky,
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

3. Make sentences containing the following words: region, encircled, glimpse, mansion, special, surrounding, sightseers, memorial, landscape, picturesque, inscription, inspired, falls, strolls, passion, adventurers, contemplation, travelled, toured, critic, appropriate, diluted, special, preceded, language, excursion, excelled, sonnet.

4. Describe the picture of Wordsworth's house, Rydal Mount, on page 220.

LESSON 52.

1. What flowers are mentioned in this poem? Describe three of them.

2. Make a little drawing of one of the "children of the flaring hours."

3. Make sentences containing the following words: lilies, daisies, violets, celandine, glossy, prodigal, merit, unassuming, mean, flaring, mien, worldlings.

4. Notice the following: "He was *like a lion in the fight*. You know that "like a lion in the fight" is called a *simile* (likeness). Make similes in the following sentences: His words flowed from him —. He ran like —. He swam like —. He wriggled like —. He died like —.

LESSON 53.

1. Describe the portrait on page 229.

2. What kind of stories do you like best? Give a short account of the best story which you have ever read.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: drama, energies, quality, fictions, invented, characters, reveal, public, refreshment, taste, cultivation, wasted, genius, careers, interesting, admired, persevered, distinguished, relative, privation, miserable, haunts, apprenticeship, captive, leisure, reporter, experiences, manuscript, observation, rung, literary, fame.

4. Find out who Falstaff was. You will read of his exploit on Gadshill in Shakespeare's play *King Henry IV., Part I.*

LESSON 54.

1. Describe the picture on page 233.

2. Write down the names of six novels that Dickens wrote.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: sporting, issue, introduced, quoted, gaiety, humour, fascinated, succession, curiosity, pathetic, princely, exhausting, restoring, offence, revived, astonishing, edit, entailed, requests, realized, ambition, cherished, chalet, profit, enthusiasm, generous, principal, autumn, mystery, fragment, pang, novelist, interpreted, sympathy, society, practised.

4. The Latin verb *tendo* means "I stretch." It is found in English words in the form *tend* or *tent*. Write down as many words as you can containing *tendo*.

LESSON 55.

1. Tell the story of this poem in your own words.

2. What do you know of "English oak and holly"?

3. Make sentences containing the following words: sierras, minarets, ruddy, haggard, treasure, hoarded, listless, leisure, clustering spray, solitude, divine, needless, wasted, wrought, fragrant, blend, **incense**, pensive, laurel, wreaths, presumptuous.

4. Notice the following: "He was a lion in the fight." Here we have not a simile but a *metaphor*. Turn the following metaphors into similes: Chaucer was the morning star of English song. Sherlock Holmes was the sleuth-hound of crime. He was a lamb when the battle was o'er. Shakespeare was the Swan of Avon.

LESSON 56.

1. Describe the picture on page 241.

2. Write out in your best writing and learn the two verses on p. 243.

3. Compare the life of Tennyson with that of Milton.

4. Make sentences containing the following words: triumph, knowledge, enriched, silence, memory, parsonage, rector, handsome, miserable, wolds, references, select, comic, lament, recognized, ridge, hesitation, accepted, honour, religious, exquisite, moaning, bar, **bourne**, pilot, perfect.

The Latin prefix *circum* means "around." Write down as many words as you can containing this prefix.

LESSON 57.

1. Name some writers of English in the period when our literature was like a mountain stream foaming along a boulder-strewn bed.
2. Name six poets and six prose writers who were tributaries to the fair broad river of English literature.
3. Of the writers described in this book, whose life seems to you (a) the most interesting; (b) the least interesting?
4. Make sentences containing the following words: heathery, streamlets, gradually, helter-skelter, boulder, meandering, impede invention, encouraged, broadening, tributaries, particular, exactly, properties, combined, fertilize, heritage, neglect, indifference, alloy, recreations, acquire.

5. Write out and learn the following verse of Tennyson's:—

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'Tis only noble to be good.
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood."

EXTRA EXERCISES.

1. What flowers are described as "winking"?
2. What bird "at heaven's gate sings"?
3. What poet contrasts "golden slumbers" with "golden numbers"?
4. What fragrant story blended "with the hop vines' incense"?
5. Who was "lord of the fowl and the brute"?
6. What amazed "the gazing rustics ranged around"?
7. Who was addressed as "Goddess of the Silver Lake"?
8. What bird "leaned her breast against a thorn"?
9. What flower comes "ere a leaf is on a bush"?
10. Who wished to live "under the blossom that hangs on the bough"?
11. What is not so keen as "man's ingratitude"?
12. Of whom was it said that he "never deviates into sense"?
13. Who "lisped in numbers"?
14. Who "have done as worldlings do"?
15. What persons "on English meadows wandered and lost their way"?

TIME-TABLE OF WRITERS IN THIS BOOK.

DATE.	EVENT.	REIGN.	DATE.	EVENT.	REIGN.
1561.	<i>Birth of Francis Bacon.</i>	Elizabeth.	1728.	<i>Birth of Oliver Goldsmith.</i>	George II.
1594.	" William Shakespeare.	"	1731.	<i>Death of Defoe.</i>	"
1573.	" Ben Jonson.	James I.	1744.	" Pope.	"
1600.	" John Milton.	"	1745.	" Swift.	"
1616.	<i>Death of Shakespeare.</i>	"	1759.	<i>Birth of Robert Burns.</i>	George III.
1620.	" Bacon.	"	1770.	" William Wordsworth.	"
1628.	<i>Birth of John Bunyan.</i>	Charles I.	1771.	" Walter Scott.	"
1631.	" John Dryden.	"	1774.	<i>Death of Goldsmith.</i>	"
1637.	<i>Death of Ben Jonson.</i>	"	1784.	" Johnson.	"
1650.	<i>Birth of Daniel Defoe.</i>	Comm'r w'th.	1796.	" Robert Burns.	"
1657.	" Jonathan Swift.	Charles II.	1809.	<i>Birth of Alfred Tennyson.</i>	"
1672.	" Joseph Addison.	"	1811.	" W. M. Thackeray.	"
1674.	<i>Death of Milton.</i>	"	1812.	" Charles Dickens.	"
1688.	" Bunyan.	James II.	1832.	<i>Death of Scott.</i>	William IV.
1688.	<i>Birth of Alexander Pope.</i>	"	1850.	" Wordsworth.	Victoria.
1700.	<i>Death of Dryden.</i>	William III.	1863.	" Thackeray.	"
1709.	<i>Birth of Samuel Johnson.</i>	Anne.	1870.	" Dickens.	"
1719.	<i>Death of Addison.</i>	George I.	1892.	" Tennyson.	"

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Miss

